

NAUTICKS;

OR,

SAILOR'S VERSES.

V O L. II.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

M U S I C I A N S ;

O R,

S A I L O R ' s V E R S E S .

Crethea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper
Et citharæ cordi, numerosque intendere nervis :
Semper equos, atque arma virum, pugnasque canebrat.

VIRGIL'S *ÆNEID*.

And Cretus, whom the Muses held so dear :
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight,
Arms were his business, Verses his delight.

DRYDEN.

I N T W O V O L U M E S

V O L . I I .

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NAUTICKS;
OR,
SAILOR'S VERSES.

MONODY
TO THE
MEMORY
OF
LORD ROBERT MANNERS.*

INSCRIBED TO
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

YE blue-hair'd *Nereids* of the *Caribbe* main,
Where were ye fled when this lov'd youth was slain?
Was it the horror of the cannon's roar
That chac'd ye from the deep, to some calm shore?

* Who fell in the fight off the Isles of the Saints, on the 12th of *April*, 1782, in the action between the *British* and *French* Fleets, under the commands of Admiral *Rodney* and the Count *De Grasse*; Lord *Robert Manners* then commanding the *Resolution*, of 74 guns.

Vol. II.

B

Or

Or was it negligence, or did some swain,
 To coral grottoes woo your gentle train?
 For luckless sure it was, that you should be
 So far remov'd, nor know his destiny.
 And O! ye Muses! who with laurels bound
 His Father's brow, and did his fame resound;
 Where were ye stray'd, on *Pindus'* hill or dale,
 That you ne'er knew his fate, or heard his wail?
 A youth so gentle, and at once so brave,
 Deserv'd the meed of a funeral grave;
 Deserv'd the meed of a parental tear,
 Deserv'd the meed of some *melodious Seer*.^{*}
 Thrice hapless me, ay me! I fondly dream,
 Unequal to the praise of such a theme.
 Ye Classick Sisters lift the sacred song
 For him so fair, so wise, so brave, so young;
 Who for his country bore the bitt'rest pain,
 Who for his country did the sea distain
 With patriot blood, such as did whilom run
 From young *Adonis*, and from *Peleus'* son;
 Nor did the two make up in form and fame,
 A mind and body equal to his claim.
 Oh he was comely, courteous, and humane,
 And when he fell, perfection's self was slain!
 But say, what boots this sad, incessant care,
 Heav'n can alone the mournful loss repair!

^{*} I have never been able to define what a *melodious tear* was;
 I have therefore attributed *tear* to be an error in the press, and
 not to the Author, who must have written *SEER*; though deeper
 commentators than myself may find melody in a *tear*.

Thee,

Thee, Sailor, thee, the *Caribbe* Isles shall moan,
 And chissels 'grave thy name on fairest stone :
 The merry Mariner, in doleful tune,
 On silent nights, beneath the silver moon,
 In ditty long, not tedious, shall rehearse
 His gallant Captain in unpolish'd verse ;
 And pin Attention's ear with rude delight,
 To while away the limping hours of night.
 And where wert thou, *Bellona*, Queen of Arms,
 Who pledg'd thyself to shield him safe from harms ?
 Not all the youths who led the *Grecian* war,
 Possess'd the merits of the gallant Tar !
 Nor all the noble *Trojans*, which withstood
 The mighty torrent of the *Grecian* blood,
 Could boast the virtues of this gentle youth,
 Or match his dignity of peerless truth ;
 Who perish'd timelessly in adverse hour,
 Of all our Summer's pride, the fairest flower !
 Ye wayward *Fates*, how careless did ye twine,
 His vital thread—Alas ! could nought incline
 Your souls to spare such valour, sense and grace,
 Pride of our Isle, and glory of his race !
 Thy arrow, Death, alas ! didst now subdue
 The heart of *Manners*, and of *Rutland* too !
 But ere thou throw'st another, guarded be,
 That giant *Time* don't draw his bow on thee.
 But cease this solemn thrall and piteous moan,
 Verses for him are con'd in *Helicon*.
 See, from the rapid *Cam*, the reverend God
 Rises in tears to press the verdant sod ;

And brings us laurels green, and myrtles fere,
 To scatter round, in honour of his bier :
 For he, alas ! had none ; yet high in glory
 Poets shall raise the fame of such a story ;
 And tell, with all the fire and zeal of pride,
 That *Manners* bravely conquer'd, when he died ! *

S O N N E T,

WRITTEN IN CYNTRA, PORTUGAL,

MAY 16, 1772.

SHE was fair as the Queen of the Skies,
 And chaste as *Diana* believ'd ;
 I thought myself blest with the prize,
 Ah, well-a-day !—I was deceiv'd !

She was pure as the sweet Queen of Health,
 She was Nature's first perfect design ;
 I call'd her my treasure of wealth,
 Ye Gods ! when her heart was 'nt mine.

I lov'd her, ye Gods, more than gold !
 I lov'd her, ye Gods, more than you !
 To another her friendship she sold—
 She had not sufficient for two.

* In his will, which he made while on his passage to *England*,
 he left twenty pounds a year to every Sailor that was wounded in
 the action on board the *Resolution*.

I tell

I tell to these groves my sad tale,
 The turtles they pity my woe ;
 And *Echo* repeats through the vale,
 She is faithless—and pray, let her go.

Sure, it is unkind to repeat
 What I sigh'd in my grief to the wind ;
 I did not intend it should meet
 Ev'ry ear, that my Nymph was unkind.

But when that they learn'd the sad tale,
 The Nymph of each tree and each grove,
 The God of the mount and the dale,
 Condol'd for the loss of my love.

The Goddess of *Cyntra* confess'd,
 She had sooner believ'd that the doves
 Their young had forsook in the nest,
 Than a Satyr had blighted our loves.

She vow'd, and confess'd, with a tear,
 That she had much sooner believ'd
*Pina Verde** was wither'd and sere,
 Than such a sweet Nymph had deceiv'd.

* *Pina-Verde*, a garden planted on the side of a mountain, by the hands of the celebrated Don *John De Castro*; which garden, and the house, he bequeathed to the public, ordering two beds to be prepared every night, with refreshments, for two travellers; and the Eastern Gate always to stand open. Close to the side of the house are two orange trees, which he brought from *China* in 1515, and from which have arisen the great fruit trade of *Portugal*.

Oh

Oh Goddess! then comfort your swain ;
 How shall a fond shepherd behave ?
 Shall I turn her abroad on the plain,
 Or with sorrow decline to the grave ?

No—take her again to your heart,
 Here's *virtue* appears with a smile ;
 “ She is chaste, and you yet may be blest,
 “ So bear her away to your Isle !”

With *Iös*, ye Muses, rejoice,
 Ye vallies of *Cyntra*, resound ;
 To musick each Nymph join her voice,
 And wantonly dance on the ground.

'Tis all incantation around,
 With Genij and Fairies ye rove ;
 'Twas here that I Paradise found,
 And *Pollia* was *Eve* of the grove:

Ye Trav'lers, who roam to this spot,
 Who admire what is great and sublime,
 May ye never experience my lot,
 May ye never be sad when ye rhyme.

AN EPISTLE,
FROM OVID, IN HIS BANISHMENT,
TO CORINNA, IN ROME.

OCTOBER, 1772.

Sine veste Dianam.

IN dreary exile, on these barren plains,
Where *Cæsar's* frowns pursue, and *Cæsar's* chains;
Where Horror stares, where famish'd Famine stalks,
And worse than all the rest, where Dullness walks:
Where the three rosy Graces, heavenly sheen,
Ne'er smil'd attendant on the *Cyprian* Queen;
Where the sweet Loves were never known to stray,
Nor the dear Muses raise the lyric lay!
In such a sad, unsocial, leaden gloom,
Does *Ovid* breathe a thousand sighs to *Rome*!
A thousand sighs to love, to beauty dear,
Once sweetly whisper'd in *Corinna's* ear:
Corinna, * *Julia*,auteous, distant love,
Either, or both, which name you most approve!
These speaking, bleeding griefs from *Ovid's* hand,
Attend thee, Beauty's Star, on *Latium's* land.

* The Author of this Epistle means to insinuate, that *Ovid* celebrated *Julia* under the feigned title of *Corinna*.

How

How very kind had great *Augustus* been,
 When first he drove me to this distant scene,
 Had he revers'd your gentle *Naso's* doom,
 And made it death, not banishment, from *Rome* :
 Not banishment from thee, illustrious Fair,
 My joy, my grief, my rapture, and my care, }
 My morning's orison, my evening's pray'r!
 Ye kings, with hearts as iron, as your hands,
 Ye Fates, more hard than their most hard commands,
 Could ye consent to *Cæsar's* harsh decree,
 And fix damn'd banishment the fate of me ?
 The fate of one whose only fault was Love,
 If such—the Stoicks can the passion prove ;
 The only mark of Heaven about the soul,
 And free as air, will live without controul :
 Will live, will ever reign about this breast,
 While *Phæbus* gallops to the rosy West ;
 A flame for *Julia*, which can never die,
 While *Cupid* holds the flambeau of the sky !
 Love and the gentle *Naso* cannot part,
 While *Julia's* Image dwells within his heart.
 Can'st thou, amidst the circle of a Court,
 Where the gay Loves, and Joys, and Graces sport ;
 Can'st thou, *Corinna*, cloud that pretty face,
 And think of *Ovid's* exile and disgrace ?
 Can'st thou, when seated by some happier man,
 Indulg'd to kiss thy hand, and flirt thy fan ;
 Can'st thou revert thy am'rous, brilliant eye,
 And think of gentle *Naso* with a sigh ?

Can't

Can'st thou, with that dull, brown, *Numidian* boy,
 Faithless by nature, and too young for joy ;
 Can'st thou reflect the bliss with me you've prov'd,
 When, wrapt in extacy, with Gods we mov'd ?
 If the remembrance of these joys return,
 In peace thy *Ovid* will embrace his urn ;
 In peace he'll meet the melancholy bier,
 And bless his *Julia* with a falling tear ;
 Bless the sweet object of his faithful heart,
 Where Time will find transfix'd fair *Julia's* dart.
 Ah ! *Julia*, *Julia* ! what those eyes have done !
 Had they ne'er open'd on the golden sun,
 Happy, a past'ral Poet I had been,
 Had I not lovely *Livia* naked seen :
 Revengeful *Livia* ! to distress the Bard
 Whom chance, and not inquisitive regard,
 Drew to the limpid, sheeny bath, where she,
 A second *Venus*, was unveil'd to me !
 Oh ! had those chrystal, silver waters been
 Muddied, not clear, these charms I had not seen ;
 Or had her frozen chastity been such,
 That, like the Sylyan Queen, her look or touch,
 Could in a moment have transform'd my frame,
 I might have *Julia* seen—she fav'd her fame !
 I might have *Julia's* fav'rite linnet flown,
 And twitter'd sonnets to her—all my own !
 What did I wish ? These eyes had never seen ?
 Then I had never lov'd my *Roman* Queen !
 'Then I had never doated, never lov'd,
 And all the elegance of beauty prov'd.

No, heaven-form'd *Julia*, rather be it so—
 I've *Livia* seen, and *Livia* lives my foe :
 My foe inexorable—so *Livia* proves
 Who exiles *Nasō* from the Fair he loves.
 Beloved *Julia*, empress of my heart,
 Where thou wilt reign—till life and *Ovid* part !
 Come, endless Night ! come, peace-performing
 Death !

And when thou tak'st this sad, departing breath,
 Let some sweet maiden, in her beauty's pride,
 Thus piteous whisper—"Thus he liv'd, and
 dy'd !" *

And if his memory is worth a tear,
 Let maids who read his am'rous verses, bear
 The first sweet blushing roses of the year,
 And with their lilly hands, in vernal bloom,
 Scatter their flowrets round poor *Nasō's* † tomb !

* "*Carmentis tua mors fuit if'a fuit.*"

† The Author always assumed the name of *Nasō*, from his admiration of *Ovid's* passion and poetry ; and under the fictitious title of *Nasō* and *Julia*, he is addressing some female with whom he gallanted ; and by this public, yet artful device, he corresponded with her unsuspected.

TO A PRETTY WOMAN,
OPENING OYSTERS.

VENUS, the Beauty of the *Cyprian* shore,
Was call'd the Paphian Oyster-wench of yore ;
Because she from the foam of Ocean sprung,
So all the gay, romantick Poets sung.
Fables are lies—she was an Oyster-wench ;
Her mother kept a stall—sold cod and tench :
She upon *Moll*, * or *Marè* was begot ;
Her sire a fisherman, who lov'd his pot.
Vulcan, a limping blacksmith of the place,
Fell much in love with Miss's pretty face ;
And as the Smith enjoy'd a luscious dish,
He'd joke and swear a *Maid* was special fish.

* *Moll*, or *Marè*. This proves, according to the methods laid down by that great and excellent scholar, Mr. *Jonathan Swift*, the antiquity and originality of the *English* Language.

Molly, and *Mary*, common names with us, used to be spelt by the Latins *Molle*, *Mare—sisti*, *sea* : the first in delicacy of the sex ; the second in compliment to *Venus*, who was born of *Marè*, the Sea. These are corruptions of languages, and which the very purity of the Latin is not free from.

We use the word *Molly*, or *Molle*, to this hour, as a more endearing, *sisti* name than *Mary*, and oftener bestowed on the young and handsome, than any that are not so. To prove the Latins were not strangers to it, *Sappho* thus uses it to *Poem* :

“ *Molle, meum habitis cor est columba tellus.* ”

One day a piece of humour touch'd the God,
 He therefore to her oysters brought a cod :
 He told her this, which tickl'd like a feather,
 That cod and oyster-sauce did well together
 She smil'd, and bobb'd, and to her *Vulcan* linp'd,
 And gave a fine rock cod prepar'd and crimp'd :
 She, like a skilful cook, the thing did settle,
 And whipp'd cod's head and shoulders in her kettle !
 Happy they liv'd upon this fishy plan,
 Till *Venus* saw a lobster of a man,
 A soldier too, with a broad noble back—
Mars was the fellow, clad in armour black :
 His hue she chang'd before she went to bed,
 And in her kettle boil'd the lobster red !
 Scarlet from thence is worn by men of arms,
 In honour of the deed, and Beauty's charms.
 Madam, from *Venus* you have learnt the trade,
 As much a Beauty, and much more a Maid !

AN ELEGIACK BALLAD,

WRITTEN AT GIBRALTAR, MARCH 2, 1772,

TO THE ONCE FAIREST OF HER SEX.

YE Gods ! what a wretch am I made !
Is this a return for my love ?
Is the sence of my goodness decay'd ?
This conduct no God can approve !

Did I snatch you from ruin and shame,
Like a flowret bent down with the rain—
Did I raise you to virtue and fame,
To fill my poor bosom with pain ?

Was this a return for my care,
The moment you felt the warm sun ?
I dreamt it would lead to despair,
When I saw her—I then was undone !

But who, with a bosom like mine,
Could resist all the charms of her face ?
I saw her, and thought her divine—
• Indeed, she's the top of her race !

I lov'd her, ye Gods ! more than you ;
I doated on all that she said :
Was it then my impiety drew
Your vengeance and curse on my head ?

But

But you are unkind to resent
 What Heaven itself should approve :
 She's an Angel ! and just what you meant ;
 And who then could see her, nor love ?

I never saw ye in the skies,
 Ye Gods and ye Goddeses sheen ;
 Then why should ye shew a surptize,
 That I worship an Angel I've seen ?

My worship, my blifs is no more !
 She err'd in the face of the sun :
 I would, but I cannot adore—
 She's fallen—and I am undone !

O hear me repeat what she said—
 “ That I was her soul and her blifs !
 “ That she ne'er would be false to my bed !”
 And she sealed the vow with a kiss.

I believ'd her, indeed and I did ;
 I cherish'd her morning and eve :
 No dam ever hung o'er its kid,
 She had no occasion to grieve.

I thought myself blest'd as a King,
 The folks, when we pass'd, would all stare,
 And pointing, would merrily sing,
 “ See, there goes a fond happy pair !”

Ah ! what a delusion was this !
 As snow you have seen in the sun,
 Her coldness soon nipt all my blifs,
 She melted—and I was undone !

To the first that she saw she was kind !
 To me she no longer was true :
 The pangs of my soul and my mind,
 Nor my tears, could her pity renew !

With my tears did I sprinkle the stones,
 My bosom I beat in despair :
 The pavement repin'd at my groans,
 As much as the runaway Fair.

Ye Gods ! O attend my complaint :
 To deserve this, O what have I done ?
 Ye made her so much like a Saint,
 Such radiance no mortal could shun.

Ah ! what do I see in the shade !
 My Angel repos'd in his arms !
 Alas ! is her virtue betray'd ;
 Or mine but a Lover's alarms.

With him she retir'd to the grove,
 With pleasure she lean'd on his arm ;
 Each thing that he whisper'd was love,
 Each thing that he did had a charm.

I made her a garden so sweet,
 I selected each shrub and each flow'r ;
 And her beauties to save from the heat,
 Of woodbine I made her a bow'r.

But nought which I planted would please,
 My myrtles and roses were faint ;
 She scoff'd at my house and my trees,
 And call'd my possessions restraint.

If I gave her a nosegay, she'd frown,
 Composed of lilly and rose ;
 From me she would turn as a clown,
 Nor deign its approach to her nose :

But chearfully took with a smile,
 And lavishly prais'd all his flow'rs ;
 Ye Gods ! how my bosom did boil !
 My eyes pour'd a deluge of show'rs.

His roses were sweeter than mine,
 His orange flow'rs had more perfume ;
 Mine were mock, * I confess and repine,
 But why should that make him presume ?

But, Oh ! to recount all my pains
 Would fill up a volume of Sighs :
 Who with pleasure can construe these strains ?
 Who would seek to have *Niobe's* eyes ?

She lov'd him so much, she'd deny
 Herself, to my friends and to me ;
 With him to the thicket she'd fly,
 And the blossom he'd kiss like a bee.

The hour I shall never forget,
 When her hair was dishivell'd and torn !
 To me it was endless regret—
 Ye Gods ! had I never been born.

* Syringa.

Ye

Ye Gods ! when she enter'd the room,
 I saw that her necklace was broke ;
 And conscious, her cheek shew'd a bloom,
 Which she try'd to relieve with a joke.

Tho' this was a stab to my heart,
 Yet still she encourag'd the youth,
 And to rack me with every smart,
 He comfits eat out of her mouth !

Not contented with such a repast,
 With rapture such hybla to sip,
 But in riot he fixed so fast,
 He bit a sweet piece from her lip !

Hell ! fury ! distraction ! no more—
 O pity the pangs of my brain !
 My Reason, no longer deplore,
 I am mad, and releas'd of my pain.

*O ye who have lov'd as I lov'd,
 May ye never experience my lot ;
 O ne'er let my love be reprov'd—
 With a job, be my hist'ry forgot !*

P R O L O G U E
TO THE
F A I R Q U A K E R,
WRITTEN IN TEN MINUTES, OCT. 23, 1773.
SPOKEN BY MR. WESTON,
IN THE CHARACTER OF DICK BINNACLE.

YOU need not be surpriz'd that I'm dull as a
Pelican,
When arriv'd without freight from the Harbour of
Helicon:
I might have as well made a voyage to the Pole,
For there's poor entertainment for body and soul!
I ne'er in a trip was so much thrown a-back,
For I got not a dram of gin, brandy, or 'rack;
To be sure, I saw plenty of verses and rhymes,
Yet I plaguily long'd for some punch made of limes!
There liv'd a wise man, whom they call'd Mr.
Phæbus,
Who wanted to load us with riddle and rebus;
But my Captain, a sensible long-headed Wag,
Weigh'd his anchor, and gave Mr. *Phæbus* the
bag:
But he being more lively one day o'er his grog,
Bade me pen a Prologue, at noon in the log;

And

And since you're so smartly drawn up in a line,
You shall have it, quite rough, as it came from the
mine.

For to tell you the truth, tho' I can write much
better,

The Cat I should have, if I alter'd a letter.

Than us Sailors, you think you are wiser on shore,
If so, then you know Capt. *Shadwell*'s * no more :
That he was a Tar, I think can't be deny'd,
But hammock and *Charles* are thrown over the side !
This Frigate he built—she has stood many storms,
And was by long service the worse for the worms :

* Mr. *Charles Shadwell* was the original Author of the *Fair Quaker*, which, at the request of Mr. *Garrick*, who was in great friendship with Capt. *Thompson*, was altered by the latter, at *Hampton*.

Mr. *Garrick* brought out the Masque of King *Arthur*, with splendid scenes by *De Loubetbourg*, with a view of the *Ile of Whight*, and the Naval Review. This Pageant miscarried ; but how to make something of the scenes became another question : He therefore called on Captain *Thompson*, at *Kew*, and begged him to come to *Hampton* that night. Capt. *Thompson* arrived about nine, where he found Mr. and Mrs. *Garrick*, and *Hopkins*, the Prompter. Says *Garrick*, " could you alter the *Fair Quaker*, and add a new Character to it ? "—" Yes, (says the Captain), you shall have a New Act to breakfast." Which was presented ; and while Mr. *Garrick* took an airing, he finished the 2d and 3d Acts, with the Character of *Dick Binnack*. This pleased *Roscius* so much, that the parts were copied as fast as he wrote them ; and though he did not begin till the 2d of *November*, the play was performed on the 9th, and successively for sixteen nights, with the scene of the Review, and *Thomson*'s celebrated Song of *Rule Britannia*.

We have shifted her timbers, her planks, and her
decks,

And with pitch and fresh paint, we have hid her
defects :

At the pump I have had a most damnable spell,
And I swear there's no bidge-water left in the
well.

The command too is given an old half-pay te-
nant,

Where Commodore *Flip* will re-hoist his broad pen-
dant.

But you need not doubt him, he has long sail'd
this coast,

And he'll give you new cause of his acting to boast.
The vessel's well mann'd, and well fitted with geer,
And let's hope you will set her a-float with a cheer !
If you are so kind, we do not doubt our ship,
So success to the Frigate, and Commodore *Flip* !

ON SEEING MISS RAY,
MISTRESS TO LORD SANDWICH,
IN THE BARGE OF ADMIRALTY IN THE TAMER.

JUNE 30, 1774.

PARODY ON SHAKESPEARE.

THE Barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: th' awning was silver silk!
Bleached the sails—the oars were crimson red,
Feather'd with white; which to the tune of flutes
Kept stroke, and made the water which they beat
To follow faster, as am'rous of their strokes!
For her own person, it beggar'd all description!
She in the stern did lie on cloth of gold,
O'er-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The Fancy outwork Nature.
Then she did sing!—Ye Gods, how she did sing!
Till all the boisterous Tritons, blue and white,
Gap'd with amazement, and stood fix'd as masts!
Had the first Syrens been as powerful too,
They had pierc'd the waxen ears of old *Ulysses'* crew.
Her melody so died adown the stream,
Like the last notes of some expiring Swan!
Around her stood a crew of Captains brave,
Hard-featur'd, brawny, sun-burnt, tawny Chiefs,
Whose very savageness did melt in love,

Till

Till every Sailor's face appear'd in smiles,
Like very wanton, velvet, dimpl'd *Cupids*!

Oh, rare for *Montague*!

Yes, these gentle Captains, like the Tritons,
So many Mer-men, tended her i' th' eyes,
And made their bends adorings.
At th' helm, a seeming Mer-man steers the barge;
Attentive all are emulous to work
Th' obedient tackle, which renders quick as thought,
To the rough touches of their willing hands.
All *Plymouth* and her dock, and neighbouring towns,
Cowland, *East Anthony*, *Saltash*, and *Stoke*,
Maker, *Mount Edgcumbe*, *Tavistock*, and *Thame*,
Cast all their people out upon her charms!
And *Montague*, within his cabbin thron'd,
Did sit alone, whistling unto the air;
Which, but for vacancy, had gone to gaze
Upon this heavenly *Ray* of Beauty too,
And made a gap in Nature.

O! rare Wench!

Upon her landing, *Montague* sent to her;
Invited her to supper—She reply'd,
It would be better he became her guest,
Which she intended. Our courteous *Montague*,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for the ordinary pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

She

She is the *Venus* of that sea she sails on !
 She hath no niggard, *barran* days of love,
 No short allowance doth she give of joy,
 But the *main-brace* doth *splice* both morn and noon !
 Mirth, minstrelley, and wines, are at the mast,
Cupid's bright standard waves around her charms,
 And with her all take Love at *full allowance* !

E P I T A P H,
 TO THE MEMORY OF
 THOMAS LAYTON, OF KEW,
 WHO WAS AN HONEST, *Civil* WATERMAN.

HERE lies a miracle of common sense—
 A Waterman who never gave offence !
 O'er *Thames'* smooth, silver stream his wherry flew,
 And landed *Layton* by the Church at *Kew* !

THE FALSE FAIR-ONE.

LISBON, MARCH 13, 1772.

YE Bitches *Nine*, create another Muse;
 Quit smock'd-face *Pol* for *Venus'* lewder stews:
 There some more vicious *Rocheſter* embrace
 Beget a libel on the female race!
 Let ſuch a *Sycorax* provoke my ſpleen,
 Let me yet live and curſe each damn'd diſſembling
 quean.
 Make this new Muſe deform'd, black, lean, and
 blind,
 And let a hump ſhew ſhe's with child behind!
 Let all the ugly monſters of the earth
 Attend the horrid, heterogeneous birth!
 And if you give ſuch tenement a foul,
 Let it be like them all, but far more foul.
 Hear, haggard monſter, and inſpire my heart,
 And teach me to direct the poiſon'd dart;
 Let it with ſuch velocity be ſhed,
 That it may ſtrike each faithleſs woman dead!
 Why, ye diſſembling harlots, were ye made,
 To liſp, to trol the tongue, to bloom, to fade?
 Why gave the Gods ſuch painted charms to lure?
 Why make ye fair and falſe—more foul than pure?
 Why given to bleſs, to prove a ſurer curſe?
 Why ta'en for better, and why known for worſe?

Ye

Ye virtuous few, who do creation grace
 With souls as spotless as your heavenly face,
 Ye I adore ! and may ye ever prove
 A just return for innocence and love :
 But may each blighting, blasting curse attend
 The vicious woman, to her vicious end.
 Curst be the fiend who studies to betray,
 Who courts to lead the happy Dame astray !
 May it not stop with me, but still increase
 To him who sack'd my sweet domestic peace ;
 May every rising generation shew
 A spleen, and doubly damn him as I do !
 May biles, sores, blotches on his carcase rise,
 And rheum distill from his corrupted eyes !
 May he ne'er know the bliss of sleep or joy,
 And may that vulture Conscience, now destroy
 His mind and body, by degrees ; but still
 Keep him alive, to feel each gnawing ill !
 To fourscore let him live, the wretch of shame,
 Then damn him to the hell from whence he came !

P R O L O G U E

T O

ST. HELENA; OR, THE ISLE OF LOVE.

AUGUST, 1776.

OUR Bard on bold advent'rous pinions flies,
In search of foreign beauties, foreign skies ;
Tho' few the spots upon the world's great chart,
Like this can please the eye, or charm the heart :
Thy prospect, *Richmond*, and thy sylvan scenes,
For ages honour'd by our Kings and Queens ;
Where all our heroes have retir'd from war,
The vet'ran Soldier, and the gallant Tar ;
Where all the Wits and Beauties of our Isle
Have deign'd to sweetly sing, and sweetly smile ;
Thro' whose Elysian groves our Bards have play'd,
Then peaceful slept beneath the laurel's shade.
To night we use no pantomimic skill,
To bring *St. Helena* to *Richmond-Hill* !
That half-way house, where *India* Captains bait,
And to their cabbins take an extra Mate ;
Where pompous Nabobs, rich by *Bengal* plunder,
Talk of their lacks, to make the maidens wonder,
And come, like *Jove*, in show'rs of gold and thunder !
Where the brisk Sailor sings o'er bowls of 'rack,
Nor sighs for red cheeks, while his girl has black ;

He

He seeks no roses to adorn her face,
 But laughs, in spight all the laws of grace.
 To night a first attempt our Author brings,
 To lead the Muses to the seat of Kings ;
 Yet a fair Herald comes our cause to plead,
 Who with your * gentle natures must succeed ;
 For sure no belle to her can cruel prove,
 Nor beaux—unless he's with himself in love !
 Aye, there's the rub ! that is our greatest care,
 Beaux love themselves too well, to love the Fair !
 Ye † who have cross'd our *Twick'nam*, *Isleworth*
 ferry,
 I'm sure of you ; you're always kind and merry :
 There *Thomas* squeezes black-eyed *Susan's* hand—
 A kinder couple lives not in the land ;
William and *John* in Beauty's cause will fight—
 Lend us your hands to row us 'cross to-night ;
 Give us your wishes, and we drop all fears,
 You are the rudder which our vessel steers ;
 And if successful, you'll this pleasure prove,
 Upon this spot to fix the *Isle of Love* !

Boxer.

† Gallery.

S O N G.

LET Lords about Court boast of stars and of
strings,

And the Ladies of fashion, of feathers and rings ;
Here, look upon *Sue*, and the rose on her face,
Which beats all the rouge and the *Chesterfield* grace.

Would the quality gentry but yield up their wine,
For a tap that is quick, and a liquor that's fine,
Such fair linen cheeks would not always prevail,
Were they crimson'd with health, and such liquor
as Ale.

No more of the vineyards of *France* and of *Spain*,
Or what the huge *Indiaman* rolls o'er the main ;
We despise foreign spirits, of brandy and 'rack,
If the brewer gives hop, and sweet *Sue* gives the
smack.

Would the dames of the ton, and their daughters,
dress less,
And follow the manners of buxom Queen *Bess*,
They would ruff up their necks, nor look puling
and pale,
Did they rouge up their cheeks with a jug of brown
Ale.

What does not our small, fertile Island produce ?
Does the *Rhine*, or the *Tagus*, pray, yield such a
juice ?

It

It is this that enables the Soldier and Tar
 'To whirl on the foe all the thunder of war.

Hence, ye Nabobs, to *India* for rapine and spoil,
 Nor debauch with your wealth the chaste sons of
 this soil :

Lads and Lasses drink round, to the Plough and
 the Sail,
 Courts are ruin'd by wine, while we're cherish'd
 with Ale.

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WRITTEN UPON THE PRESENTATION OF THE
 PETITION FOR THE
 INCREASE OF THE CAPTAIN'S HALF-PAY,

FEBRUARY 11, 1773.

I HEARD a Petition was going to be made,
 In favour of each man of war,
 So I haul'd up my *bowlines*, and to the *wind laid*,
 To stand by each brave brother 'Tar.

Thro'

Thro' *Westminster-Hall* I first pass'd with surprize,
 Of which too I often had heard :
 It look'd like a barn of a wondrous size,
 Where the owls were not *feather'd*, but *furr'd*.

Up ladders and steps, up *railines* and stairs,
 We pass'd, the *Great Cabin* to gain ;
 Like beasts to the Ark, who first march'd up in
 pairs,
 To take a short *cruise* on the main.

Beasts have left off such tricks, now-a-days they're
 more wise,
 All the *live-stock* we carry is *prest*,
 Unless some few monkies, with tails of such size,
 They look as if made for a jest.

When the Gall'ry we boarded, egad I was 'maz'd,
 To look at the *Orlop* below,
 Where, lo ! in a Chair, Mr. Parson was rais'd,
 And he seem'd the great man of the show.

The rest were all civil little quarter-deck beaux,
 Who loll'd on barge cushions at ease,
 And if I might judge by the cut of their clothes,
 They had not been much on the seas.

But one hungry wolf in sheep's cloathing I
 twigg'd,
 All hid in a Captain's boat cloak
 I tipp'd him the hip, that he might be unrigg'd,
 But the lubber would not take the joke.

He

He said he'd come up too, and order me out,
 Unless I sat decently still;
 I cry'd, " Master *Hans*! but pray don't go about,
 For you may get up by your *bill*!" *

The Priest, from his looks, I thought promis'd
 great things,
 But he was a mere *Moggy Lauder*,
 For to those who were stuck all with stars and with
 strings,
 He kept bawling eternally, " *Order!*"

It look'd like a school, when the master's away,
 When the overgrown boys get to tricks;
 So when pussy-cat sleep, the little mice play,
 As these, for the want of their licks.

At length a magnanimous Admiral rose,
 No gallanter boy ever swam;
 He has oft given a dressing to Old *England's* foes,
 And to each jolly Sailor a dram.

His speech it was good, and receiv'd with applause,
 For he's a true Tar of the main;
 To *England* an honour, a friend to this cause,
 And a foe both to *France* and to *Spain*.

No sooner he'd done but the wind rose at *North*,
 And began for to damnably blow!
 Now send to the helm a good steersman of worth,
 Or the vessel will soon pitch below.

This Gentleman's face is of the parrot make.

Con Phipps in a trice, like a hero appear'd,
 And in spite of this squall from the clouds,
 He *conn'd*, *box'd* the *compass*, and gallantly *steer'd*,
 Nor strain'd a small *yarn* of the shrouds.

Into harbour he piloted safely and well,
 This tight little smack, call'd *Petition*;
 Had it not been for him, she'd have gone down to
 Hell,
 But now she's in special condition.

After bowing, and calling each other oft o'er
 All the names keen invention could rest on,
 The word *Honourable*, soon heal'd up the fore,
 And they boldly bawl'd out for the Question.

The Question being put, 'twas a question of want,
 " *Shall these Sailors all starve while alive?* "
One hundred and fifty-four souls said, " *They shan't !* "
 While " *Yes !* " said the dogs *forty-five*.

I out with my reefs, and my steering fails too,
 And roll'd like a God 'fore the wind ;
 I damn'd *forty-five*, boys, from earing to clue,
 And my mess-mates were all of my mind.

W A S H I N G W E E K.
TO CAPT. GEORGE THOMPSON.

K E W, M A Y 25, 1765.

I N this, dear *George*, we both agree,
(You bred in camp, I bred at sea)

That cleanliness is oft'
A cursed plague about a house,
And always met our just abuse,
When young with Mrs. *Croft*. *

But to the Beggar and the King,
Clean linen's a reviving thing,
Yet these our plagues don't reach ;
The Beggar strips with jocund morn,
In some quick stream, and on the thorn
Spreads out his rags to bleach.

The King, great man, sends all his out,
Not caring for a single clout :
But what's more happy still,
He's not obliged to count the rags,
Nor stuff 'em into canvas bags,
Oh no—nor write the bill !

* An old, good Lady, who kept a lodging house in *Beverley*,
with whom the Author boarded, when at that school, under the
Rev. Mr. *Clarke*.

But Lord have mercy on us all !
 Whene'er we wash, all hands must fall
 To something or another ;
 For Madam scolds, and flies about,
 Now up, now down, now in, now out,
 Dabbing thro' wet and smother.

This cursed time all comfort flies,
 At six she starts—come, *Ned*, come rise,
 And get the lines hung out !
 Yes, to be sure, my dear, I cry ;
 I dare as well be hang'd as lie,
 For fear my dove should pout.

Breakfast is got, and whipt away,
 (Because the washers want their tea)
 Before that I've half done :
 The doors all open—linen spread,
 The sky looks black—come hither, *Ned*,
 Shall we have rain or fun ?

My dear, you need not be in pain,
 It does not look, I think, like rain ;
 Oh ! then we'll hang out more—
 When, lo ! the words have hardly past,
 But puff there comes a heavy blast,
 And all must be rins'd o'er !

Then ten-fold comes the peal on me—
 You as, to be ten years at sea !
 See, see, the linen do !—
 I sneak away, to have a smile,
 Snug, while I hear her all the while,
 Calling me black and blue !

From

From such unlucky forms of rain,
 Nothing with me goes well again,
 The dinner comes—and cold !
 The meat, I cry, of soap-suds twangs,
 Up Madam gets, the door she bangs,
 And re-begins the scold !

But what still troubles more my mind,
 Amidst such griefs, at once to find
 The waiher, as she wrings,
 Cracking some jest—then o'er the tub
 Pauses a while—and ev'ry rub,
 With pleasure sweats and sings.

I hate, I must confess, all dirt,
 And truly love a well-wash'd shirt,
 Yet once a month this reek,
 Is more than any one can bear ;
 But him I hate—pray, make his share
 A washing every week.

TO THE MEMORY OF
M E T A S T A T I O,*
POET-LAUREAT TO THE IMPERIAL HOUSE OF
AUSTRIA.

CASTLE, AT RICHMOND, AUG. 14, 1782.

SHALL *Metastasio* fall, *Italia's* Bard,
Nor *Austria* shew the Laureat her regard?
Be that reserv'd for *England*, Nurse of Arts!
Renown'd for wisest heads, and bravest hearts:
The awful day Heaven seal'd the Poets doom,
Our *Rodney* sent ten thousand to the tomb!
The deed eterniz'd in the Book of *Fame*,
In *Metastasio's* death, and *Gallia's* shame!

* Who died on the 12th of *April*, 1782, the glorious day on which Lord *Rodney* defeated Count *De Grasse*, off the *Iles* of the *Saints*.

T O P O L L I A.

WRITTEN IN 1762.

Omnia Vincet Amor, et nos Cedamus Amori.

ON Earth, at Sea, or with the Gods above,
 " Love conquers all things, and we yield to Love!"
 Thus happy *Virgil* sung in past'ral strain,
 Rehears'd by *Dryden* on *Britannia's* Plain.

How will the turgid billows of the sea,
 With charming *Pollia's* lovely form agree?
 The Muse can't sing in gentle rustick strains,
 She never fed her sheep on *Mantuan* * Plains;
 Nor pip'd with *Pan* † upon the oaten reed,
 Nor thro' a kind *Mæccenas* ‡ knew one meed;
 From *Doris* § sprung, on whom she can't depend,
 And at the Court of *Neptune* needs a friend.
 Inspire my verse, dear Mother of the Main,
 Begin with me, my Muse, the soft, *Doridian* strain.

Is there one praise *Bellona* has in store,
 That is not due to thee, and ten times more?
 Can she deny her ensigns proud to thee,
 Or any martial honours of the sea?

* *Mantuan*, belonging to *Mantua*, the birth-place of *Virgil*.

† *Pan*, the Shepherd, and God of Country Musick.

‡ *Mæccenas*, *Virgil's* friend at the Court of *Augustus*.

§ *Doris*, a Nymph of the Sea.

Can she deny the thundering cannon's roar,
 To honour *Politia*, when she leaves the shore?
 Or can the zephyrs hold the gentle breeze,
 To wing thee gently o'er the silver seas?
 Soft, pleasing Ruler of the pathless main,
 For thee the Muse prolongs her soft *Doridian* strain.

Come, tender Lady, all our honours greet,
 The pride of *France* (our laurels) kiss thy feet;
 A captive Prince * adds triumph to thy train,
 And all the wealth of conquer'd *Acquitain*; †
 The Royal Sun ‡ of *France*, surpass'd by thee,
 Degraded, burnt upon her native sea,
 Confess'd the power of *Dorsettania*'s § Sons,
 Who ow'd their glory more to thee, than guns!
 The *Raisable*, *Hero*, || *Acquitain*,
 Confess'd thy pow'r, as will imperious *Spain*;
 They help the Muse to raise her soft *Doridian* strain. }

For thee the zephyrs wave their scented wings,
 For thee *Bellona* legal treasures brings;
 'Tis thee inspires her chosen sons to deeds
 That Valour dictates, when a *Denis* leads!
 Soft, dear exception of the female kind,
 Nor turn'd by whimsies, as the vane by wind;

* Prince of *Montezon*, Captain of the *Raisable*, taken by the *Dorsetshire*.

† *Acquitain*, an *Indiaman*, by the *Medway*.

‡ *Soleil Royal*, in *Quiberon* Bay.

§ *Dorsetshire*'s crew.

|| Subdued by the *Dorsetshire*, in *Quiberon* Bay.

Gentle,

Gentle, and true as periodic gales,
 As soft as airs that sleep top-gallant sails :
 To thee we bring the treasures of the main,
 The Muse sublimes for thee her dear *Doridian* strain.

Could *Kenta's* villa spare my *Pollia* fair—
 But on the turgid waves would *Pollia* dare ?
 We must not ask, we know you can't refuse
 The kind *Bellona*, or her kinder Muse ;
 An invitation terrible to thee,
 To pine and sicken on a ruthless sea :
 Oh, how the Muse for *Pollia* sick hath sigh'd !
 When billows made the pond'rous vessel ride ;
 When motions various, unexpressly deep,
 Weary'd the mind, and stole the balm of sleep :
 If to a form divinely sweet, as thine,
 They could prove so, what must they prove to mine ?
 Trust not the kindness of the briny waves ;
 Be cautious, Ladies, how you trust their slaves :
 Sons of the Waves are ever sons of Care,
 Restless in all, and if they're true, its rare !
 If vows will bind, believe thy Muse again,
 Who vows all love to thee, thro' this *Doridian* strain.

Now let us wish, and let the wish prove true—
 That all our deeds may be approv'd by you !
 The pow'r of Beauty every Tar declares,
 Nor less sincere, my *Pollia*, when he swears,
 Beauty and *Britain's* flag shall rule the world,
 While Love is darted, and while shot is hurld ;
 Under thy banner, will I, *Pollia*, prove
 A friend to virtue, and a child of love ;

Defend

Defend thy charms, in spite of haughty *Spain*,
And carrol love and thee, thro' this *Doridian* strain.

How must the Muse apologize to thee,
In sliding verie, or on the bended knee ?
May she attempt to press thy coral lip ?
Will you forgive the pupil of a ship ?
Will *Politia* grant the lip's ambrosial sweet,
And pity th' education of a fleet ?
Will she believe these emanations true,
When Love and Honor vow they're writ to you ?
Will you forgive the humble suppliant Muse ?
Will you the favors that she begs refuse ?
Pardon the parallels she rudely draws,
And think her strenuous in a Beauty's cause.
If thy affections, *Politia*, still remain,
A venal interest he contemns like *Spain* ;
A trivial wealth, a friendship wrapt in thee,
He can prefer to bunting * pageantry !
And if his country needs his youthful arms,
Exile awhile, he'll bear from *Politia*'s charms.
He wants no favours from a partial crew,
A public deed shall pay a public due !
Cringe on, ye sycophants, the Muse will raise
Her note to censure, in the midst of praise :
Serve Love and *Britain* with his inmost soul,
Till life, and cruizing bottoms cease to roll.
Should service wear him in his youthful days,
To quit his quarters in the midst of praise,

* A thin stuff of which flags are made.

The Tar with honour will retire to sleep,
 And with his *Polia* tend the peaceful sheep ;
 In love and friendship with my *Polia* reign,
 Relate the labours of the yesty main,
 And chaunt to thee till death, the kind *Doridian* }
 strain.

E P I G R A M,
 TO KITTY FISHER, 1760.

OF *St. Peter* 'twas said, in the days of the *Jews*,
 In *Judea* no *Fisher* could stand in his shoes ;
 But this I affirm, and I'm sure with no drift,
 That he ne'er, like ST. KITTY, was put to the
 shift :
 Nay, I'll bet Bishop *Warburton* fifty to ten,
 That he never like her was the *Fisher of Men* !

THE TROUT-STREAM,
A SONNET TO EMMA.

IVY-BRIDGE, DEVON, JUNE 23, 1780.

WHEN I stray by the stream with my rod,
And *Emma* comes fauntering by,
The trout seem to rise at her nod,
More allur'd by her charms than the fly!

Is that any wonder to tell?

When *Eve* in her beauty appears,
The snail will creep out of his shell,
And the lion will prick up his ears!

Jove in ev'ry creature
Implanted the duty,
To adore ev'ry feature
In feminine beauty.

'Tis Woman I worship, to Beauty I kneel!
The Gods gave the Angel to teach us to feel!

TO THE
PRETTY WOMEN OF ENGLAND,*

WHO HAVE ESCAPED THE TROWEL OF THE
SMALL-POX.

YE beauteous Sisters of our sea-girt Isle,
On whom the hand-maid *Hebe* deigns to smile,
Do you not think some little tribute's due,
In honour of our peerless *Montague* ?
Are ye not fair, as fair *Circassian* Maids,
And learned as the Girls of *Pindus* shades ?
'Twas she preserv'd the beauties of each face,
And made our Belles the glory of the race !
Hence to her fame, let Art and Genius raise
The grateful Monument of Beauty's praise ;
And on the column let these lines be writ,
More to declare your gratitude than wit :

“ This by the *British* Beauties, peerless Dame,
“ Was rais'd, in honour of your worth, and fame !
“ To tell with gratitude the rising race,
“ That you preserv'd their beauty from disgrace !
“ That from *Circassia*'s shore you brought the art
“ Of saving *that* which first allures the heart :

* Recommending to them the erection of a Monument, to the sensible Lady *Mary Wortley Montague*, for her happy introduction of Inoculation.

" All the transcending beauties which we boast,
 " The joys peculiar to a reigning toast ;
 " The life of pleasure, and the love of sway,
 " Without the obligation to obey !
 " All this we owe to you !—This scepter'd pow'r,
 " Which suppliant man confesses ev'ry hour.
 " Thanks, noble Dame ! and let this column tell
 " The lively sense of ev'ry beauteous Belle ;
 " Here shall the sweetest Maidens yearly smile,
 " And the first roses scatter round the pile."

E P I G R A M,

ON THE FIRE-WORKS DISPLAYED IN MARY-
 BONE GARDENS, BY MONSIEUR TORRE,
 OF WHICH MRS. F—— COMPLAINED TO THE
 MAGISTRATES, THAT THEY MIGHT
 BE SUPPRESSED.

ALAS! Monsieur *Torré*, you're surely to
 blame,
 With powder and brimstone 'gainst Belles to con-
 spire :
 Was I but one night the fair *Marybone* Dame,
 I'd play up my *Fountain* and p— out your fire !

A HU-

A
HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION
OF
G I B R A L T A R.

WRITTEN APRIL 7, 1772.

Nos patriam fugimus.

THIS excrescence of earth, this huge pile of
rough stones,
Where many a poor foldier has left his old bones ;
This pillar of *Hercules*, * famous in story,
Where *Europa* was landed by *Jupiter Taury* ; †
(The other *Apes Hill* on the *Barbary* shore,
Where sensible *Moors* their wise Prophet adore,
Who to Heaven rode off on an ass, 'cause the
strongest,
And for very long journeys the beast lasts the longest.
What a sweet sensual paradise *Mahomet* made,
Contriv'd for the joy of the knave and the jade ;
For the joy of the good, for the bliss of the bad,
To comfort the widow, and tickle the fad !

* The pillars of *Hercules*, called *Calpe*, and *Abyla*, are *Gibraltar* and *Apes Hill*.

† *Jupiter* brought (in the shape of a bull) *Europa* to *Gibraltar*.

Our *Eden* and Heaven this Garden surpasses,
 Full of wines, beds of roses, and beautiful lasses,
 Who never grow ugly, who never grow old :
 What's more—there's not known such a thing as a
 scold !)

This adamant Rock, by us call'd *Gibraltar*,
 Which neither time, tempest, or earthquakes can
 alter ;

But if it, ye Gods ! should but once come asunder,
 It would make a fine tomb for the folks who laid
 under.

No man ever left this huge ship with concern—
 It is moor'd with two anchors a-head and a-stern,
 Which the giants of yore, in their rage, could'nt
 move,

Nor the Devil himself, if his strength he would
 prove.

In a morning, before that the Doctor * comes in,
 'Tis as hot as *Nick's* furnace, kept up by Dame *Sin* ;
 Where ev'ry *John Englishman* fries like a martyr,
 And flounders and pants like a fish out of water !
 Nay, the Rock is so hot, like a girdle † it bakes,
 Which saves the *Scotch* fuel for baking their cakes.
 When the wind comes at East, ‡ such a cap's on the
 Hill,

That the atmosphere makes all the Garrison ill :

* The sea-breeze, which comes in every morning at ten, and
 shifts at ten at night.

† A flat iron, used by the *Scotch* to bake cakes.

‡ The *Levant* wind, which caps the Hill with a thick fog.

They

They call it a glory, I call it a fog,
 And so thick, 'tis sufficient to poison a dog.
 There's no place so contriv'd to destroy constitu-
 tions—

'Tis famous for drinking, and all prostitutions.
 When I landed, I thought I had got into Hell !
 For such a variety nought can excell :
 There were men of all nations, or common or rare,
 To stare at the stranger, and welcome him there ;
 Such a place, such a people, *Turks, Christians, and*
Jews,

Bare-footed, in boots, in pampooles,* and shoes !
 But of women, ye Gods ! there's so small a pro-
 portion,

That the Ladies (God blefs 'em) are always in mo-
 tion.

Virtue here's an exotic, most rare to be found,
 It is sold by the yard, all things else by the pound, }
 Cods, haddocks, pease, beans, mutton, rotten or }
 found ;

And whenever the Dey of *Algiers* takes a rig,
 You may sooner be damn'd than get orange or fig ;
 They have gardens, indeed, but they're such as
 you've seen

In windows in *London*—half wither'd, half green !
 A conjugal vine here and there makes a shade,
 Where Love never came from the mouth of a
 Maid :

* A *Wool* slipper.

'Tis a clime where you're never supply'd with that
fish,

Nay, should man be so rash to serve up such a
dish,

There's no knowing, ye Pow'rs, how Old *Jove*
it might shock,

Who brought off *Europa* without e'er a smock,
And cruelly ravish'd the Girl on this Rock !

It was he made the maxim, and every soul

Has follow'd the Pagan, from bed to the bowl.

So near are the *Spaniards* encamp'd to this place,

That they puff their damn'd rocambole into your
face ;

And if on a jack-ass you ride into *Spain*,

Of some conjugal *Flora* the favorite swain,

Perhaps in a hut, in an orange-grove plac'd,

(Where a sweet pretty wife a fond husband disgrac'd),

You may do what some hundreds have oft done
before,

You may do—but I'll not be censorious on shore ;

So mount your *borrica*, come back in a trice,

For where there's no *virtue*, there can be no *vice*.

Gibraltar, *St. Roque*, hot sands, and hot wenches,

Long guards, long field-days, drums, cannons, and
trenches ;

The bay, and the buildings, two palm-trees, and
church,

Where a taylor's sweet dame left her spouse in the
lurch ;

Old *Blankley* * the honest, *Cornwallis*, † and *Money*, ‡
 Bottl'd porter, adieu ! and *Minorca* honey ;
 Farewell, ye brave Lads ! *Gibraltar* adieu !
 Come to *England*, damn'd Rock, for I'll not come
 to you !

SUSCEPTIBILITY.

HAIL ! sweet Susceptibility !
 Love's fav'rite Nymph of Joy ;
 Where in soft dalliance dost thou toy,
 And shew thy gay agility ?

Say, dost thou feel the subtle pain
 Of Love, trill thro' each beating vein,
 And dost thou sigh for every swain ?
 Or dost thou pour thy many charms
 On one, and snatch him to thy arms,
 Say, sweet Susceptibility ?

* An honest man, and store-keeper to the Crown. He used
 a cane with great freedom over a Lord's shoulders.

† The brave old Governor.

‡ His current aid-de-camp.

AN ANACREONTICK ODE.

LAUGHING *Cupids*, bring me roses,
 And my wreath, ye Graces, twine,
 I'm this night dispos'd for rapture,
 Having Beauty, Wit, and Wine!

Let the sober Stoicks wonder,
 And their apathy define;
 I'll not follow such dull doctrine,
 While I've Beauty, Wit, and Wine.

Come, ye brisk *Arabian* Lasses,
 For that heaven you seek is mine,
 Upon beds of roses lolling,
 Blest'd with Beauty, Wit, and Wine.

And when this gay life is over,
 Pour libations on my shrine;
 I've a Paradise hereafter,
 Full of Beauty, Wit, and Wine!

E P I T A P H,
TO THE MEMORY OF
SIR CHARLES SAUNDERS.

WRITTEN IN 1776.

WITHIN this sculptor'd marble rests from war,
The virtuous Statesman, and advent'rous Tar!
Who led our Navies round the trackless world,
And on opposing foes dread thunder hurl'd!
Whose virtue and integrity outshone
The brightest stars that glitter'd round the throne.
Thus richly freighted did his vessel steer,
Proud in the van of Honour, nor did fear
The shelves of vice, but high in triumph led
Her gallant Admiral to the glorious dead!

E X T E M P O R E:
A PARALLEL DRAWN BETWEEN
POLLIA AND PENELOPE.

Penelopes telam texere.

To do and undo.

WRITTEN IN 1761.

WHEN sage *Ulysses* left his wife and boy,*
In hopes of laurels, and the fall of *Troy*,
With tears he bath'd the tender infant youth,
“ Above all virtues, recommending Truth !”
The charge committed to the best good wife,
Then sigh'd and parted with the two for life.
Troy was reduc'd, and he was doom'd to roam
Ten tedious years, before he reach'd his home ;
When from all shores the gayest Princes came,
To court *Penelope*, his royal Dame.
The constant Queen eluded every art,
Amus'd her woers, and retain'd her heart ;
Her web proverbial caus'd the long delay,
By night undoing what she did by day.
I think I hear the various sighs that fall,
I think I see thee too, reject them all !
So fair a face, so sweet a form as thine,
Surpassing Lover's thoughts inspir'd by wine,

* *Telemachus.*

And

And every other soft descriptive thing
 That Painters imitate, or Poets sing.
 Without a Lover how should *Polia* be,
 When I am roving on th' inconstant sea?
 Thus, in the absence of the dear lov'd man,
 How many aim to flirt his *Polia's* fan:
 But if I know thee, as I think I do,
 Fops can make no impression upon you;
 Let them still dangle on, rest safe in me,
 I'll prove *Ulysses*—you *Penelope*;
 Pursue the web, and let the puppies vex ye,
 Fulfill the adage—*Telam Penelopes texere.*

TO THE MEMORY OF
 MR. JAMES MOOR.*

IF sense in Youth, mature as mellow Age,
 If Honour, Courage, might a world engage
 To read thy Monody, attend thy bier,
 Such Virtues claim the meed of Virtue's tear:
 One piteous tear the hardest heart may spare
 A grave so fresh—a Youth so good and rare!

Who gallantly defended the *Priffin's* Tender in the Bay of
Fundy, and afterwards fell in a second action, with the provincial
 sailors of *Maebias*. He was bred to the Naval Service by Capt.
Edward Thompson, who gave the above Monody to his Memory.

AN ANACREONTICK.

WRITTEN IN 1781.

HAIL ! drunken God who strides the ton,
 With grapes and roses bound,
 Who drinks and swelters in the sun,
 His blazing circle round ;

Who reels in typsy step the Rake,
 With brilliant, black, pink-eyne ;
 Who loads all heads with drowly ache,
 And lightens hearts in wine :

Hail ! sovereign drunkard of the skies,
 Whose influence staggers here,
 And trips up all the dull and wise,
 Who quaff thy liquorish cheer.

Bacchus, bewitching God, here goes,
 To Beauty, Wit, and Wine !
 We've done with water, woes, and foes,
 We're wholly Love and thine.

TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN BENTINCK.*

WRITTEN IN 1777.

A PUBLICK loss demands a publick tear,
And such a nation gives to *Bentinck's* bier;
Whose active genius, gallantry, and sense,
Gave him among his Corps the first pretence:
Our Navy's ornament, his Country's grace,
In private virtue brilliant to his race.
Triumphant thus, o'er Life's tumultuous wave,
His vessel sail'd with glory to the grave!

* Son of Count *Bentinck*, and nephew to the Duke of *Portland*; a Captain in the *British* Navy, and a native of *Holland*.

AN EPISTLE
FROM A MIDSHIPMAN IN THE NAVY
TO HIS MESS-MATE,
ON THE ADMIRALTY ORDER FOR THE
ALTERATION OF THE CAPTAINS' UNIFORM.

SO, you see by the papers, at last, my boy *Ned*,
That this mountain of mountains is now brought
to bed !

The labour was hard, though the birth it was small ;
'Tis a button produc'd through a wee button-hole.
Dan *Sandwich*, that sensible, smiling old Wag,
Of our Captains disputes and resolves he would
brag ;

And calmly would say, as he cut off his mutton,
“ They're not to be fear'd who can't fettle a but-
ton.” *

However, for once he hath thrown out a fable ;
For the button's come forth with an anchor and
cable :

* At this time the Captains formed themselves into a very formidable club, but disputing about this coat, Lord S. took the advantage of the wrangle, and from that moment split them into factions, and destroyed the unanimity of the Navy : the bad effects of this schism are very obvious.

And

And this proves the Captains all lubbers, my cock,
 Two turns of the cable they've got round the stock;
 But they, cunning Wags! to get clear of the thing,
 Most kindly gave out, it was made by the —!
 Now, 'tis cruel to say it, supposing it true;
 For what could he learn by the Naval Review?
 His mind was with every rarity struck—
 What surprise he declar'd at the boy on the truck!
 And when that the boy wav'd his hat like a vane,
 With true condescension he wav'd his again!
 And therefore I say, that the Sailors are wrong,
 To make a good Monarch the tune of their song.
 But this Coat is the thing that perplexes us all,
 And the Uniform now, by whose name must we
 call?

For you know in the cause, too, that many a Sailor
 Stood forth, from the list, to assist as the taylor:
 But who is the father I cannot find out;
 The midwife is *Stevens*, who hands it about.
 It is none of your *Hawkes*, your *Saunders*, or *Kepples*;
 They know nothing of collars, cuffs, buttons, or
 lappels;
 They are sailors, not taylors; they'll stick by their
 mess;
 If they can't rigg a Captain—a *Frenchman* they'll
 dress.

Some delicate Mizen hath trimm'd up our blue,
 For we're all macaronies from earing to clue.
 Twelve holes are allowed to ev'ry Commander;
 No more to creep out at had great *Alexander*.

These holes are distinguish'd by two's and by threes,
That the ranks may be known on the shores and
the seas.

They have now full allowance, I think, my good
Cozen !

Thirteen they have got—a complete baker's dozen:
And holes he hath plenty, in times known so frail,
Who hath twelve in his coat—besides one in his —.

ON THE FALL OF
AN AGENT VICTUALLER
AT PORTSMOUTH.

YE *marrow-bones* and *cleavers* rattle !
Bellow—rejoice—ye *Hampshire* cattle !
Ye bloody Butchers crack your jokes !
For Death has knock'd down Master *Okes*. *

* The author, when he commanded the *Niger* frigate, on his return home from the *Mediterranean* Sea, was obliged to perform quarantine on the *Mother Bank*, at *Portsmouth*: in such cases those ships are always diligently attended to by the offices, the crew being incapable of assisting themselves. However, the agent paid no respect to their wants or necessities; the Captain was therefore obliged to complain, and many letters passed between him and the Boards of Admiralty and Victualling, in which he made his quarters good, and at last finished the matter with the above bestial Epitaph.

THE

THE CHARACTER
OF A
CORNISH 'SQUIRE.*

YE Gods ! how I grieve that old *Hogarth* is dead,
When here's such a piece to portray :
Such a face, such a form, and, ye Gods ! such a
head,
I am sure never came in his way.

Dear *Churchill* too gone ! (and a far greater loss)
How his satire this subject would suit :
But the theme's left to me, so ye Muses be cross,
And I'll caricatura the brute.

This toad-stool, this 'squire, this excrescence of dung,
Whom Ignorance litter'd on earth ;
Whom no pencil e'er drew, whom no Muse ever sung,
A cub never lick'd at his birth :

* Who was lineally descended from *Bonfield Cooze*, the King of the Gypsies. He treated all sea officers with rudeness, and threatened them with the law ; but unluckily for him, he made complaint of the Author of the following Stanzas to Admiral Lord *Edgeworth*, who oppressed the officer to oblige the rich 'squire. However, the sea bard made his quarters good, and tho' he was most unjustly treated, he was most severely revenged.

In mien nor in form half so human as ape,
 Begot by a beggar in spite,
 On a gypsy, who swore 'twas a Caliban rape,
 As she snor'd 'neath a hedge in the night.

This ravisher too was a man of estate,
 But of a peculiar *gout* :
 And rather than not be a King, and be great,
 He govern'd a beggarly crew.

King *Bamfield* was he, who begot this Black Prince,
 Great heir of his beggarly blood ;
 And his deeds will the world, and all gypsies con-
 vince,
 He's fill'd with the same royal mud.

When this monarch departed, and left him the throne,
 So great was his spirit and might,
 Being afraid of a ghost—he could not lie alone,
 So he slept with his footman at night.

You have seen a squat ale-bottle punchy and blue,
 That's like him as low as the knees,
 The cork's like his head—where ten screws have
 pass'd through,
 To give vent to the wind and the lees.

His corpse don't contain the brisk spirit of ale,
 If it did it would burst like a bomb :
 In short, beat him down from the head to the tail,
 And he'll sound like an unbraced drum.

You

You may beat him for ever, his hide is as thick
As a carpet, and equally foul ;
It would weary two chairmen, with each a good stick,
To dust out the filth of his soul.

His discourse, in a literal sense, stinks so much,
All noses and ears with him dumb;
'Tis breaking of wind—for I never felt such,
So, I'm sure, he must talk with his bum.

His head is that vacuum sought by the wise,
His face is as vacant as air ;
He talks but to swear, and to vomit forth lies—
And his wife—O YE GODS ! SHE IS FAIR.

ON THE TALKED-OF MARRIAGE OF

L O R D M A R C H

WITH THE FAIR

LADY HARRIET STANHOPE.

SAY, Jockey Lord, advent'rous Maccaroni,
So spruce, so old, so dapper, stiff and starch,
Why quit the amble of thy paeceing poney ?
Why on a filly risk the fame of *March* ?

Consult

Consult th' equestrian bard, wise *Chiron Beever*,
 Or Dr. *Heber*'s learned fybil leaves,
 And they, true members of the *Sçavoir Vivre*,
 Will tell the wond'rous things that love receives.

Why in the spavin of your days, sweet Sir,
 Attempt to draw on Cupid's little boot,
 Let *Jockey Grosvenor*'s fate, alas ! deter,
 Oh, think, *Newmarket* Lord, what things may
 sprout.

Few tits, perhaps, were ever higher bred,
 What shoulders, limbs ! you know, my Lord, the
 staunch is,
 She's fresh from pasture, never back'd or fed,
 For you, she should be thrown upon her haunches.

Ah think, 'Squire Groom, instead of *Pembroke*'s bits,
 An abler rider oft has lost his seat,
 Young should the Jockey be who mounts such tits,
 Or he'll be run away with every heat.

Stick to the Jockey Club, attend your Bard,
 Nor ever think of dancing love's cotillion ;
 For *Ligonier*, who gallop'd quite as hard,
 Was double distanc'd by his own postillion !

AN HEROICK EPISTLE
FROM THE INJURED HARRIOT,
MISTRESS TO MR. BANKS,
TO OBEREA, QUEEN OF OTAHEITE.

Presumptuous *Indian*, of a savage land,
How dar'st thou write with thy unhallow'd hand;
And in persuasive numbers dar'st to woo
My *Banquo*, ever gentle, ever true?

Savage usurper of my love and bed,
Rear'd in the woods, and upon dog's flesh fed,
Think'st thou, audacious creature, he'll attend
Thy *Indian* lays, and leave his snow-white friend?
Think'st thou he'll leave my *European* grace
For thy daub'd, yellow, dirty *tatao*'d face?
No, *Indian* Queen!—My *Banquo*'s better bred,
Better caress'd upon a downy bed.
Vain *Oberoa* will in vain beseech,
And to the bawdy winds betray her painted breech.
Can'st thou not chuse a Savage from thy crew,
Or with *Obadie* * board the strait canoe?
There, fishy *Indian*, shew thy folio charms,
And snatch the greedy Savage to thy arms.

* A sturdy young *Indian*, with whom Mr. Banks found *Oberoa* asleep.

Was it not quite enough, when on thy shore,
 That thou, like *Dido*, with him play'd'st the whore?
 Was it not, savage Slut, enough, that he
 Slept in a humble wigwam close with thee?
 But thou, like *Dido*, * must *Æneas* weep,
 And try with spells to hold him on the deep.
 O may'st thou have that witch's fatal end,
 And on a halter high in air depend!
 O wert thou here, my rage should tenfold rise,
 By all thy Gods, I'd tear out both thy eyes!

Does not this action stagger all belief,
 Thou canting, fawning, lying, painted thief?
 When to *Tootabab's* † he was brought to sleep,
 Did'st thou not to his arms most fondly creep?
 And with thy blandishments and amorous guile,
 With now and then a kiss, and eke a smile,
 Pretending with his curling locks to play,
 And from his face musquittos drive away;
 Did'st thou not, wanton Gypsy, dirty Queen,
 Amidst this very fawning, flatt'ring scene;
 Did'st thou not, crafty, subtle, sun-burnt Strum,
 Steal the silk breeches from his tawny bum?
 This was the action of a *Gosport* jade,
 Robbing the snoring Cull with whom you laid.

* The circumstances of the voyage to *Otabeite* are very similar to those of *Dido* and *Æneas*. But *Otevea* was not quite so rash, though as wanton. It is seldom that lascivious women hang themselves for love.

† *Tootabab*, a distinguished Indian, whom the European Gentlemen visited.

What

What could he have of such a gypsy crew ?
 Had other things been loose, thou'd'st stole e'm too.
 Call'st thou thyself a Queen, and thus could'st use,
 And rob thy swain of breeches and his shoes ?
 Expose his flesh unto the bleak night air,
 Then lend thy petticoat, to shew thy care ?
 Inveigling Harlot ! Cease thy courting strain,
Banquo thou'lt never have to rob again.

Well may'st thou rave upon the lengthen'd strand,
 And roll in madness up and down the sand ;
 There thou may'st vent thy griefs unto the wind,
 And call him false, ungrateful, and unkind :
 Then thro' the shady woods in phrenzy run,
 And add more heat unto the scorching sun.
 When thou'rt fatigu'd with rage, implore the
 breeze,
 And coolly carve his name on barks of trees :
 Then if by chance *Obadee* should pass by,
 And see the fluid swimming in thy eye,
 If not exhausted, he'd with rapture turn,
 And learn thee how to cool, and how to burn !
 But why should I to such an adept preach,
 Who doth thy rites, mysterious *Venus*, teach ?
 Who match'd *Toopuah*,* a huge savage rake,
 With a young maiden of most strait-lac'd make ;

And

* Dr. Hawkesworth tells us, in his History of *Otaheite*, that this *Indian* Gentleman was matched with a girl of eleven years of age, though six feet high, to perform the rites of *Venus*, at which

And wond'rous to relate, by thy advice,
 The velvet virgin beat him in a trice :
 Sweet *Tirahardica* blithely rose
 'To dulcet flutes from ev'ry *Indian* nose ;
 With youthful ease she bounded from the ground,
 And shook herself as careless as a hound.
 'Tho' the first hit at length, the girl's no worse,
 While poor *Toopuah* sneak'd, and shew'd remorse.
 Can'st thou, proud Royal Bawd, attempt to prove,
 After such scenes of lewdness, *Banquo's* love ?
 Vain are thy complaints, vain is thy love and grief,
 To such the Gods will never grant relief :
 Thou may'st as well address the bawdy air,
 That kisses all it meets, or black, or fair,
 The very commonest of Nature's deeds,
 Except thyself, thou commonest of weeds !

When on thy Isle, I did nor pine, or care,
 Thou had'st the use of him when with thee there :
 But to pursue him with thy whining scroll,
 And waft a sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*,
 Is so presumptuous, that I curse the hand
 That bore thy witchcraft to this distant land.

ceremony *Oberon* kindly assisted with her instructions to the copper
 M^{rs} ; and to the amazement of the spectators, she performed her
 part with ease, and alacrity. Miss *Tirahardica* was a very deli-
 cate young Lady, short in stature, well made, and very handsome.

*Sous le corset & sous le cotillon,
 D'un vrai Roland le vigoureux courage.*

Say,

Say, could not smug *Solander*, *Carlo*, * please,
 Nor give thy meretricious passions ease ?
Carlo, whose am'rous passion never fails,
 But lasted longer than his knives and nails.
 Sure *Carlo* parted with a sad adieu,
 And sigh'd for joys, *sub tegmine* † *Perou*. ‡
 Thou might'st have held him on thy sea-girt shore,
 Like stolen breeches which appear no more :
 Thou might'st have kept him for thy charcoal maids,
 For *Carlo* is not nice in choice of jades :
 But to attempt th' Explorer of the World—
 Thou should'st from some dread precipice be hurl'd.
 But here you fail'd, like lewd *Calypso* § of yore,
 Tho' not as handsome, yet as great a whore :
 And if *Ulysses* she could not retain,
 What right had'st thou to my more travell'd Swain ?
 Great *Alexander* conquer'd boys and belles ;|
 Mine fail'd the world around for cockle-shells :

* *Carlo*, Mr. Charles Clerke, an Officer in the *Adventurer*, who was so charmed and delighted with the simplicity of the Ladies of *Otabeite*, and the pleasure of variety ; that upon his departure from the Island, he divided all his linen, &c. among his many mistresses. While he did possess one, he was steady ; but tho' he often changed, he never gave more than a knife, or two nails, for a wife.

† Queen *Obera* is very fond of Latin quotations, and as *sub tegmine* is thought to express the Author's meaning the stronger, she has transplanted the covering from the first page in *Virgil*.

‡ *Perou* is a cotillon petticoat ; and in *Otabeite* they have a celebrated dance so called.

§ *Cambray* says, *Calypso ne pouvoit se consoler du depart d'Ulysse*.

The first, he weeps for other worlds to fight ;
 Mine weeps for worlds which are not come to light !
 'Then think'st thou, *Sycorax*, he'd stay with thee,
 That for a cockle-shell abandon'd me ?
 Imperious Harlot ! Sovereign *Indian* Strum,
 In vain thou beat'st the ground, and black'st thy
 bum !

Altho' my *Banquo* is botanic wild,
 Yet, *Indian*, think him not so much a child
 To leave the weeds of this his native shore,
 Thy cloth-tree, bread-tree, cocoas to explore ;
 Sooner for years he'll pore o'er *sage* and *rue*,
 And dwell on all the virtues of *Virtu*.

But *Oberea*, what could'st thou expect
 From him who treated me with cold neglect ?
 I that am beauteous, rosy, fair, and sweet,
 In whom the Loves, the Laughs, the Muses meet ;
 And yet from me, beneath each distant sky,
 He fought the monkey and the butterfly.
 With your *Opano* * did I pledge my vow,
 And yet he still did longer oceans plough :
 Regardless of my sighs, my griefs, my tears,
 Sola, I suck'd the sheets for six long years ;
 Sola, I toss'd and tumbl'd, figh'd in vain,
 And slept alone, tho' might with myriads lain.
 But then Religion had made That disgrace,
 While with impunity thy copper race
 Came in the noon-day sun to thy embrace.

* The name which *Oberea* gave Mr. *Banks*.

Thus

Thus to a storm a gentle calm succeeds,
 And rains descend upon the flow'ry meads :
 My passion's o'er, and tears succeed to rage,
 Nothing, dread Queen, can all this grief assuage,
 But your *Opano's* tenderness and love,
 Which I in *statuo quo* shall never prove,
 Shall never know, as luscious *Hawkefworth* sung,
 And *Indian* lusts came mended from his tongue :
 Those scenes obscene, his pencil painted best,
 And to *Toopuab's* manhood gave a zest.
 Alas ! these joys, like *Dido*, you have prov'd,
 Like her you've lost the godlike man lov'd :
 But tho' I've got the wanderer in my arms,
 Yet hath an oyster-shell with him such charms,
 That when I think him fast, and pleas'd in me,
 He, like an eel, slips from me to the sea.
 Each thing I study that may give delight,
 Yet he in dreams barks like a dog at night,
 And raves of bow-wow pies and *Otakeite* !

TO THE
 BEAUTEOUS, VIRTUOUS, AND LOVELY
 MRS. VAN BAERLE, LATE MISS ROTH,
 BORN IN ST. EUSTATIUS, OF WORTHY
 PARENTS, NATIVES OF IRELAND.
 GUIANA, OCTOBER II, 1781.

L UCKLESS to thee was *Demararie's* wave,
 On which you sail'd in sorrow to the grave:
 Luckless to thee were *Hymen's* sacred chains,
 Which bound thee fast in poison and in pains.
 Adieu, bless'd Saint! blam'd be the faithless seas,
 Which brought thee here, with all the gifts to
 please;
 Which bore thy beauties to a murdering clime,
 To grieve the Bard in elegy of rhyme.
 In tears, adieu! and take the world's last sigh,
 For we resign an Angel to the sky!

ON THE DEATH OF
JOHN CLAYTON,

WHO DIED ON BOARD THE HYENA, AT
BARBADOES, JUNE 20, 1781.

HE WAS A SPECIAL SEAMAN.

HERE lies our *Jack Clayton*, a whimsical dog,
Kill'd dead as a *berring*, by drinking of *grog* !
No more at the *helm* will poor *John* take a *trick*,
He is brought into *port* by *Old-Bones*, not *Old-Nick* :
His *sails* are *urbent*, and his *vessel* quite rotten,
He is eaten by *worms*, but he is not forgotten ;
'Tho' at present he lies with a *D* * 'gainst his fame,
Yet to *musser* he'll rise, at the *call* of his name !

A *D* is placed, in ship's books, against a man's name that dyes.

THE FOLLOWING IS A TRANSLATION OF SOME
 F R E N C H V E R S E S,
 IN ANSWER TO A
 SPANISH PASQUINADE,* 1782.

HEROES and Bullies of *St. Rocque*,
 Who neither flinch at gun or joke,
 Whose patience is eternal ;
 No Monk dwells cooler o'er his lamp,
 Than you dream nights and days in camp,
 Amid't a siege infernal,

Pray, do you mean to pass your lives
 Before this Rock, and leave your wives,
 And every tender friend ?
 To so much courage join some wit—
 When will the *English*, pray, submit,
 Or you, pray, make an end ?

Beat them at once, or else be beat—
 Pray be defeated—or defeat,
 Nor thus prolong the sport :
 Exert yourselves, and leave off railing,
 Obtain the talent of curtailings,
 And cut the matter short !

* Various pasquinades passed in the Camp of *St. Rocque*, between the *French* and *Spanish* Officers, on their impotency in the siege of *Gibraltar*, of which the above is one.

Heroes of powder, puff, parade,
 Who bounce before this great blockade,
 And dash thro' dirt and smother;
 Expose yourselves no longer here,
 To every *European* sneer,
 End it one way or other!

What is this frequent cannonade,
 But fuzz, fire, smoke, and vague parade—
Petardos * in the air!
 The *Englishman* he calmly stands,
 Smiles on your whisker, stiff, train'd-bands,
 And never feels a care!

Surely four years in noise and smoke,
 Should have improv'd such martial folk—
 Taught you the art of humbling:
 Your trenches quit, old Garlick Blades!
 You might as well besiege young maids,
 For all your work is fumbling.

After a bombardment of a day, there was but one shell fell
 Into a house, which killed a canary bird, and produced

A N E P I G R A M.

See! France and Spain combin'd 'gainst *Gloucester*!
 To bring her down, Heaven, Hell, and Earth are rild!
 Yet these the tranquil Garrison nor alter,
 Their bombs but kill'd a sweet Canary Bird!

One day this memorable siege
 Your children may conclude, if liege,
 And Gods and Saints defend 'em :
 Your bombs have circles form'd in air,
 Your cannon made your *borros* * stare !
 How could ye so offend 'em ?

What have your floating batt'ries done ?
 Mere *feu-de-joyes*, for *Englisch* fun !
 Who undisturb'd have fat ;
 And while you swore you'd starve the Boys,
 They've laugh'd at all your empty noise—
 Nay, beat ye, and grown fat !

* *Ass.*

ON THE DEATH OF
HARRY WOODWARD.

HUMOUR and *Mirth* on earth can never fix—
 'There goes the *Boat* with *Woodward* 'cross the *Styx* !
 If he's as great a *Marplot* now he's dead,
 He'll puzzle each infernal Judge's head :
 And should his *Bobadil* succeed again,
 He'll chace the Shadows round the Elyfian plain.
 Against Death's certain *lunge* there's nought fe-
 cure,
 Though not *well-deep*, nor *wide* as a *church-door* :
Mercutio's hit, and spread upon the floor.
 Take a fresh handkercher—*Thalia* cry !
 Thou'lt lost the merriest fellow that could die.

THE TRUE BUT UNFORTUNATE
HISTORIES
OF
CORROBANA, HOBABOO, & CYONIE.
AN AFRICAN TALE.

WRITTEN AT SEA, DEC. 16, 1781.

FROM *Liverpool* * a gallant ship,
With tackle trim and gay,
Sail'd with a very wicked freight,
For Slaves of *Africa*.

Nor does the spread-out world produce
Merchants so hard of heart,
As the rich Town of *Liverpool*,
Which drives a human mart.

Nor

* Though the unnatural and ungenerous tale of *Tarico* and *Inkle* has moved the feelings of all that could be moved by the distresses of a fellow-creature; yet the *Liverpool* people employed in the *African Trade*, can look on the pregnancy of a *Tarico*, and sell her without any remorse, and take advantage of her pregnant situation. But although these circumstances, inhuman as they are, frequently pass and happen in the *African Trade*, yet none would believe a General Officer in the *British Service*, could be

guilty

Nor are the Merchants' callous souls,
 Less piteous than the knave's
 Which they employ on *Guinea Coast*,
 To buy, or steal the Slaves.

They stink a proverb to the world,
 Rear'd in the basest school :
 To epigrammatise a wretch,
 Call him of *Liverpool* !

With such a freight, with such a knave,
 In high top-gallant pride,
 Off the *Black Rock*, the *Fanny Bark*
 Rode on the sweeping tide.

guilty of the enormity of such an action : but he that could massacre the inhabitants of *Æfopus*, could be equal to any deed of inhumanity. A Commander in Chief, celebrated for his *vinegar* disposition, bought a Mullatto Girl in *Barbadoes*, on his arrival, to be his bed-fellow. This was about the year 1780. On his departure for *England*, in the year 1782, (not honoured, regretted, or lamented, more than his colleague), he ordered his Secretary to sell her ! in spite of her tears and distresses, in spite of her plea of fidelity and affection !—The Secretary also interceded in her behalf, and argued the disgrace of the action—He was deaf to every remonstrance of honour and humanity—AND, ordered HER to be sold !—The Secretary, still hoping to succeed in the plea of Charity, told him, with every feeling emotion of a generous mind, that the Wench was with child ; and solicited him to reflect, that the child was his—The General paused, and seemed to be struck with the weight of her condition ; then breaking from a seeming pensive mind, he said—'Tis well ; 'tis all the better—demand *ten pounds more for her* !—and the hapless, wretched Girl *went sold* !—and yet this blot to Humanity holds a place in Christian Society ; but I trust he does not escape a gnawing and perturbed conscience.

And

And soon she pass'd, in gay career,
 The *Channel*, and the *Bay* ;
 Yet in *Fonchal*, *Madeira* Road, *
 She anchor'd but a day ;

Where the gay Consul, M***** hight,
 In rings and trinkets shone ;
 But the keen man of *Liverpool*
 Sail'd ere his clothes were on !

And well I ween a Sailor might,
 For such another fop
 Ne'er came from *Britain's* noble land,
 To keep or store, or shop.

From sun to sun, this Consul gay
 Doth murder all his hours,
 In decking out his flimsy form
 With odours and with flow'rs !

In spite of these, the hour will come,
 When all this pride shall sink ;
 And in the grave, like common flesh,
 Shall gentle M***** stink.

* *Madeira* is the pleasantest Island, and the most fertile, of any that Southern Voyagers stop at, in their passages to different countries; for the inhabitants only see such company at certain stated times, and their exertions are politely made to render every thing agreeable to their new and temporary guests; and indeed none of our foreign Factories produce a set of people who do so much honour to hospitality, or who so eminently possess the powers of pleasing—where good nature and good sense constitute the leading marks of all their characters.

Our

Our Bark now pass'd to *Santa Cruz*, *
 In lofty *Teneriffe*,
 And there took fatal brandy in,
 To fix the Negroes' grief.

Ah ! fairest of *Canary* Isles,
 I love thy flow'ry shore ;
 Where blackest eyes in lustre shine,
 To make the men adore.

And there, remov'd from *British* land,
 Doth pretty *POWERS* bewail,
 (With patience, innocence, and grace),
 And tell her piteous tale.

She in the lofty window sits,
 Wan, mournful, sad, and pale ;
 Gives all her cares of Love and Life,
 Like *Hero*, † to the gale.

* Is the principal port in the Island of *Teneriffe* ; where the *Corvettes* ships stop, in their way to *South America*. *Porto Orataca*, in the N. W. angle of the Isle, is a mercantile port, and might be deepened and enlarged, but now much choaked up with the lava of the eruptions of a burning mountain. But the City of *Lagune*, near the centre of the Isle, is the most salubrious air ; and *Teneriffe* altogether, deserves the attention of the sickly, as being the most wholesome, pure air in the world.

† *Hero*, the Nun of *Sylva*, was not more fair, nor her situation unlike this pretty Christian Maid.

A beau,

A beauteous Exile she is doom'd,
 To while away her time;
 Uncherish'd, like a beauteous flow'r,
 To fade before her prime.

Ah! if it is thy ling'ring fate
 To perish on this Isle,
 May every Virtue shed a tear,
 And Patience build thy pile!

Then shall the wand'ring Mariner,
 Who visits thy sad tomb,
 Read o'er, in melancholy mood,
 This hapless Virgin's doom:

" Here rests a Maid, who bore the charms,
 " And all the grace of Love!
 " She was the fairest of all flow'rs
 " That Heav'n and Earth approve!"

This blooming Isle, with Beauty blest,
 Our Bark soon duck'd below,
 Tho' spiral, lofty *Pico's* top
 Above the clouds doth grow.

Soon did she let her anchor run,
 In *Gambia's** muddy waves;
 And soon the diabolick trade
 Began, for wretched slaves!

* *Gambia* is the principal slaving River on the Northern Coast
 of *Africa*.

Where is Religion, Honour, Truth,
Where are the Virtues fled ?
Where is Humanity, and Grace,
Are they in traffick dead ?

His cargo made, his canvass furl'd,
Before *Tonado's* * blast,
The yielding Bark he press'd to sea,
And struck the loftier mast.

For sure no elemental strife
Can be compar'd with thine ;
Where wind, rain, thunder, lightning clash—
Burst like a hellish mine !

Before the gale triumphant roll'd
The Bark, in gallant style ;
And her live-freight with fortune bore
To green *Columbus'* † Isle.

Among the many Slaves decoy'd
Were three of fashion rare :
Hobaboo, and *Cyonie* tall,
And *Corrobana* fair. ‡

* *Tonado*, or the thunder-storms which happen periodical, and look like the dissolution of Nature more than a tempest.

† *St. Kitts*, so called after *Christopher Columbus*, who first discovered it.

‡ Will the Wits allow a Negro Maid, by nature black, to be called fair ? Philosophers will, if they refuse the epithet.

These with the rest, promiscuous met
 A master at *Vendue* ; *
 But walk'd unknown, an unknown land,
 Which *Pity* never knew.

But Fortune had in this been kind,
 They were not sold apart ;
 The same cane roof receiv'd their limbs,
 And sentiments of heart.

One thought, one diet, and one love
 Possess'd the genial three ;
 These generous passions sway'd the whole,
 Truth, Love, and Chastity.

To rest they went, together rose ;
 By *Corrobana* laid ;
 With her they labour'd in the field,
 For both ador'd the Maid.

Each th' other lov'd, with all the zeal
 That God and Nature meant ;
 And both on *Corrobana* press'd
 Their loves, and discontent.

This oft alarm'd the Maiden's breast,
 For Honour, Truth, and Pride
 Forbade a dalliance rude, unchaste,
 Which Chastity deny'd.

* Negro Auction.

For

For *Corrobana* was as chaste
 As *Dian* in her prime :
 Nay, was as elegantly form'd,
 And free of every crime.

For Ladies fair, with linen cheeks,
 I do not ween more pure
 Than lovely *Corrobana* liv'd ;
 And nought was blacker sure !

But such a mien, and such a shape,
 Activity, and grace !
 A form that *Helen* * would have chose
 To sack another place.

Such, beauteous *Corrobana* was !
 Thrice luckless charms for her !
 Who lov'd two equal with herself,
 Whom mutual they prefer.

Ah, Love ! dire cause of all our griefs,
 Black harbinger of Care ;
 Which for our misery creates
 A Creature heavenly fair.

* *Madam du Bocage*, in her Poem on the Adventures of *Columbus*, speaking of *Zana*, the daughter of an Indian Prince, has this description ; a picture very like the portrait of *Corrobana*.

“ Comme Eve elle étoit nue ; une égale innocence

“ L'offre aux regards sans honte, et voile les appas ;

“ Les Graces qu'elle ignore accompagnent ses pas,

“ Et pour tout vêtement, en formant sa parure,

“ D'un plumage azuré couvrent sa ceinture.”

Had she not been so rich in charms,
 Nor they so truly lov'd :
 Had they not been so equal kind,
 Nor she the two approv'd !

Thrice luckless cause ! thrice wretched case,
 Of all these Lovers' woes ;
 That two should love, and one approve,
 And yet each others' foes.

My pen it trembles as it moves,
 To close the painful verse ;
 For love and joy must both dissolve,
 O'er their untimely hearse.

To such a melancholy height
 Their mutual loves had grown,
 They could not speak without a *tear*,
 Yet gaz'd without a *frown* !

The friendship which *Hobaboo* shew'd,
Cyonie did return ;
 Nor did the flame *Cyonie* nurs'd,
 With weaker passion burn.

But both did *Corrobana* love,
 And both did woe her heart ;
 And both she lov'd—nor could she spare
 To one the other's part.

One morn the sun, *in tears of dew*,
 Rose from his golden bed,
 And scatter'd o'er the earth his beams,
 When they to labour sped.

As thro' a grove of *Guavas* green
 They hand in hand repair'd,
 Each silent gaz'd with fondest love,
 Which *Corrobana* shar'd :

Equal she smil'd on both—when both,
 With mutual impulse start !
 Each in the instant drew his knife,
 And stab'd her to the heart !

She sigh'd, and to her bleeding arms
 The wretched Lovers drew :
 Kiss'd the assassins of her love,
 And bade the World adieu !

Stung with remorse, like light they flew,
 Then on each other prest,
 And the same knives the Maiden flew
 Plung'd in each other's breast !

Thus fell *three* hapless *Lovers* rare,
 Of *Africk's* savage race ;
 With every sentiment of Truth,
 That chaister *Christians* grace.

Ye more enlighten'd Lovers, dread
 Fair *Corrobana's* fate ;
 For tho' untutor'd *Indians* bred,
 Their sentiments were great.

Lovers ! sleep on beneath the Grove,
 Your tragick story ends !
 May Heaven reward the *faithful* Loves
 Of three such *noble* Friends !

E P I T A P H.

- " HERE rests in death, what Love and Life
 " Cou'd never give, thro' pride :
 " For love of two one Maiden bled,
 " For love of one—two dy'd !
- " When e'er ye con this pensive page,
 " Grieve o'er their luckless fames ;
 " And strike your bosom with that zeal
 " Such Love, such Friendship claims."

IMITATION OF ODE NINETEEN OF HORACE,
BEGINNING—MUSIS AMICUS, &c.

T O T H E M U S E,

INTREATING OF HER TO SING THE PRAISES
OF POLLIA.

MY Muse, my friend, who doth my joy sustain ;

My griefs I give unto the wanton gales,
My cares shall rushing ebb into the main,
And dwell with Tars who furl the anxious sails.

With thee, sweet Mistress of my musing soul,
I pass my time, from arms and tempests free :
Let *Banks* explore unto the Southern Pole,
And such as *gallant Spry* command at sea !

O heavenly Muse, that wings my peaceful hours,
And grants the Poet's most excentric vow,
Cull in my garden the most fragrant flow'rs,
And weave a chaplet for my *Pollia's* brow !

I get no honours when I try to sing,
Unless by lovelier thee, sweet Dame ! inspir'd :
Begin the Song ! and touch the trembling string !
The world must praise what by the world's admir'd.

Ye

Ye Sisters Nine, of *Aganipp's* Stream,
 Who stoop to sister Angels, wife and fair,
 Assist your Poet in his pleasing theme,
 For *Pollia* merits all the Muse's care.

SECOND ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF
 HORACE, IMITATED AND
 ADDRESSED TO MOLLY.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus.

MADE for the service of each am'rous dame,
 I under *Cupid's* banners gain'd some fame.
 Be now my useless arms and silent lyre
 Devoted to the Queen of soft desire !
 Here, all my military trophies place ;
 Here let me kneel, and worship Beauty's face !
 O Goddess of all Isles, as well as ours,
 Who Love thro' the blue veins of Beauty pours ;
 Who the rude Highlander's rough bosom warms,
 And gives a faithful Moggie to his arms :
 In the most starving spot, you never fail
 To bring him love and *whisky* to his *kale*.
 Mother of rosy cheeks, grant his request—
 See that disdain which plays in *Molly's* breast !
 High o'er the beauteous flirt extend your rod,
 And make her know, that *Cupid* is her God !

Bring

Bring down her haughty arrogance of soul,
 And let her know, that you the world controul !
 When she is seated with her whisp'ring man,
 Snatch from her lilly hand the scepter'd fan ;
 And when he's lull'd upon her filken lap,
 Give the pert minx a most disdainful flap.

THE LASS OF PURDY'S-BOURN.

INSCRIBED TO

MISS ARMANILLA WILSON.

WRITTEN IN 1769.

VENUS in vain did lure
 To fix the wand'rer's heart ;
Cupid resign'd his pow'r,
 And broke his keenest dart.
 Tho' darts he parry'd by,
 And did from Beauty turn,
 The youth was heard to sigh
 One day, at *Purdy's-Bourn*.

The girls were pleas'd to hear
 Young *Benedict* was caught ;
 They teaz'd with ev'ry jeer,
 Which love or envy taught.

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Their

Their spleen he soon repaid,
 Their gibes he did return ;
 Indeed, I love, he said,
 The Lads of *Purdy's-Bourn*.

The Classick Girls of old,
 With her cannot compare ;
 Not *Hebe's* locks of gold
 Excell'd her raven hair.
 With *Virgil's Amaryll*
 What swain would now sojourn,
 Could he have *Armanill*,
 The Lads of *Purdy's-Bourn* ?

THE BEAUTY OF WHITNEY.

WRITTEN IN APRIL, 1774.

WHO can go to *Whitney*, and not deign to call
 And look at the Beauty of Old *Staple-Hall* ?
 Where Proctors and Students from *Oxford* repair,
 To gaze on her charms and her classical air.

When first I beheld her, surpris'd I withdrew !
 For sure I'm too old for a Beauty so new ;
 Yet wherever I turn'd, still I found on each glass,
 Some Scholar had scribbl'd a verse to this Lass.

How

How shall I prevail on so classick a theme,
 Or attempt, rapid *Isis*, to flow with thy stream;
 When thro' the whole country there's yet scarce a
 wall,
 But rhymes to the Beauty of Old *Staple-Hall*?

Had *Dan Chaucer* beheld her, the primitive Bard,
 Her charms had attracted the Poet's regard;
 Nay, *Rosamond Clifford* had peep'd from her bow'r
 With envy, and star'd on this beautiful flow'r.

Begone all my fears—it is Beauty that leads,
 And Beauty will snatch from a hermit his beads;
 'Tis Beauty's my star, and sweet *Alcey's* my strain,
 And I challenge each College to sing like her swain.

Of *Hebe* and *Helen* no more I'll be told,
 They can't be so handsome, because they're so old;
 She's fair as the blossom that's nurs'd by the sun,
 Which may ripen to fruit, or by blights be undone.

Can she be undone, whom I venture to praise?
 The bloom of her race, and the pride of her days!
 At her frown, if she frowns, ev'ry Satyr shall fall,
 While her smiles shall fix Virtue at Old *Staple-Hall*.

T O P O L L I A,

ON STREWING HER WITH ROSES IN BED,

JUNE 19, 1774.

SITH many a day I've not seen,
A day quite so golden and gay ;
My shrubs were a beautiful green,
And *Robin* he sang on the spray.

The flow'rs shed a fragrant perfume,
The sun had not kiss'd off their dew ;
The bees left their hives for the bloom,
And laden with fruits, they withdrew.

The Fairies trip'd over my green,
The Dryads they danc'd in the grove ;
The sparrows alone were obscene,
No secret they made of their love.

With care I stole forth from my bed,
My *Polia* was lull'd in repose,
Her cheeks with a crimson were spread,
Her breath was as sweet as a rose.

I kiss'd her, I bless'd her in sleep,
And softly withdrew from her side :
I parted with many a peep ;
For few have so lovely a bride.

The

The air of the garden was sweet,
 The smell of the flowrets was fine ;
 In them e'en no beauties could meet,
 That I could entitle divine.

Alone I declare her divine :
 As *Hebe* she's smiling and fair ;
 To me she's at once all the Nine—
 Indeed, she's without a compare !

My mind with a fancy was pleas'd,
 To strew her with Roses asleep !
 All the sweets in my garden I leas'd,
 And soft to her bed-room did creep :

I found my sweet boy in her arms,
 Like *Cupid* the urchin appear'd ;
 Not *Venus*, the mother of charms,
 More charmingly ever endear'd.

He play'd with her ringlets of hair,
 And kifs'd her with kisses so pure !
 He was brown, and that made her more fair,
 Yet he was her sweet miniature.

This scene was a transport of joy !
 No Elysium can ever give more ;
 Not *Venus*, her Doves, and her Boy,
 Surpass'd them on *Cypria's* shore.

A mo-

A moment I watch'd, when the youth
 With transport was glew'd in her arms :
 When prefs'd on her raspberry mouth,
 Not conscious of fears or alarms,

The Roses I strew'd on the pair ;
 The boy he was pleas'd with the jest,
 And where that her bosom was bare,
 He rudely the Roses impress'd.

Ye Gods ! who indulge us with love,
 And give us that love without thorn,
 I intreat you, such raptures improve,
 And give us each day such a morn !

PARISH TYTHES.

AN OLD TALE IN VERSE.

THE Parson of a pleasant village,
 Who'd other tythes besides of tillage,
 Being in a merry mood one day,
 Thus to his Clerk did gayly say :
 “ *Uriah*, I am told thou art
 A fornicating Clerk at heart.
 Now, if thou'lt own the Dames thou'lt kiss'd,
 I'll tell thee honestly my list.”
 “ With all my soul (the Clerk replies)
 Old Nick take him the first that lies.”
 To prove their work they eager go,
 Each takes his desk—and as each Doe
 Comes into church, he who has known
 The Lady gay, or fair, or brown,
 Must stroke his chin, and call out, *Hem* !
 And t'other must reply, *Amen* !
 The Clerk, thus leaning on his psalms,
 The Parson without any qualms,
 Lolls on his bible, waiting keen,
 To *hem* at the first lady seen.
 The 'squire's wife, demure and sly,
 Enters the first : the Parson's eye
 Fixes on her—he *hems*. Another,
 Supporting of her aged mother,
 Attracts the Parson's quick attention ;
 Twice he *hem'd*—I shall not mention

The

The qualities, and generous faces,
 Of all the Parson's village graces :
 Suffice it then to say, Eleven
 Came in ; he *ben'd*—the Clerk said, " Heaven !"
 Twelve more appear'd—he did afford
 Twelve *bens*—*Uriah* cry'd, " O Lord !"
 Next was the lawyer's wife—a fair one—
 He *ben'd*—the Clerk cry'd, " Thou'rt a rare one !"
 At length, quite sober, sleek and thin,
 The Parson's pretty wife came in.
 'The Parson *ben'd*—the Clerk *ben'd* too ;
 " Zounds ! (cries the Priest) that can't be true !"
 " Not true ! why not ? you may condemn,
 But Old Nick have me, but 'tis *ben* !"

T H E
H I L L I A D.*

WRITTEN IN 1774.

KNIGHT of the *Swedish* Polar Star,
Hight Cynosura still,
The *Ursa minor*—lesser Bear,
That leads my Doctor *Hill*.

Is it thy physick or thy rhyme,
Thy tincture or thy pill,
Or all, which reach'd the *Swedish* clime,
To raise the name of *Hill*?

Or could thy rhyme the Girls seduce
Of Aganippe's rill,
To stuff with sage a classick goose,
And roast that goose for *Hill*?

Or did thy bright dramatic parts
With wonder *Sweden* fill,
That thou hast drawn the royal hearts
To honour Doctor *Hill*?

* "A few days since Dr. *Hill* was invested with the order of
"Knighthood, by the Swedish Ambassador, and yesterday ap-
"peared at Court in the Ensigns of the Order, now Sir *John*
" *Hill*."—*News-paper*.

Inspector, Actor, Botanist,

Or each, or all at will :

Was it, Oh, say ! this motley list
Which rais'd the Proteus *Hill* ?

For who at once can simples cull,
Compound, compose with skill ;
Who is at once so *sage* so dull,
So large—so small as *Hill* ?

How parts must dart into the North,
How shine in climes so chill !
What proof is this of modest worth
In learned Doctor *Hill* ?

Ye Bards ! the Knight of *Sweden* sing,
Record him with the quill !
Ye Muses, choicest simples bring
To learned Doctor *Hill* !

At *Bayes-water* enthron'd he sits
Beneath his leaden still ;
That monument o'er Modern Wits
First graces Doctor *Hill*.

Bard of *Bardana*—wond'rous wight,
Doth verse and herbs distill ;
And both will ease, tho' e'er so tight,
When *made* by Doctor *Hill*.

Oh !

Oh ! at his name my bowels yearn—
Midwife of Rhime, I'm ill !
I'm ground as if I'd pass'd the quern,
In praising Doctor *Hill*.

No more, no more,—from head to toe
I swim, dissolve, and thrill ;
I'm all *Tarantula*—and *Roe*,
I'm bit by Doctor *Hill*.

I skip, I dance, as he inspires,
Or *Lydian* measures trill ;
I'm ices now—now blazing fires,
Boil'd—starv'd—by Doctor *Hill* !

No Cayenne gizzard is so hot,
Which *Tomkins'* Cook doth grill ;
None boils the *Heliconian* pot
Like motley Doctor *Hill*!

He is *Apollo's* Serjeant *Kite*,
And doth young Poets drill,
To scan their fingers left and right ;
So tactical is *Hill* !

Poor is the Bard who gives this rhyme,
And empty is his till ;
Yet, could his verse reach *Sweden's* clime,
He might be dubb'd like *Hill*,

To be a Knight ! ye Kings, I'd be,
 As gay and volatile
 As any Knight of low degree,
 Like *Sweden's Doctor Hill*.

Nay, nay, neglect not thus your Bard,
 But place that utensil
 Upon my head, with like regard
 You gav't to Doctor *Hill*.

Then, when it streams adown my face,
 The *Helicon* I'll swill ;
 As did with true Falernian grace
 The knighted Sir *John Hill* !

Now, recreant Knight, can'st thou refuse,
 In thy last codicil,
 A small reward unto the Muse
 That carrol'd Sir *John Hill* !

TO MR. GARRICK,
ON A PARTY GOING BY WATER TO SEE HIS
VILLA AT HAMPTON.

BELL-INN, AT HAMPTON, JULY 25, 1774.

MY two Sibyl sisters, myself, and my wife,
My pleasant concerns, and my pastimes of life,
Are safely arriv'd, to pay court to *Dan Garrick*,
Who cannot treat them, as once treated by *War-*
wick. *

But not to risk matters, we've had since our row,
A fleak from the rump of the *ancient dun cow*.
And now, gentle Sir, if you'll not be offended,
Our visit to you is politely intended :
To look at your *Shakespeare*, your garden, and
house,
Without an intention of harming a mouse,
Your nut-shell of sweets is what we wish to see,
Not trouble your *Eve* or for coffee or tea.

* Garrick's verses upon Lord *Warwick's* invitation to call a week
at the Castle.

- " He shew'd them *Guy's* pot, but he gave them no *Sup*,
- " No meat would his Lordship allow ;
- " Unless they had knaw'd the blade-bone of the *Boar*,
- " Or the ribs of the famous *Dun Cow* !

We'll visit your *Eden* without any harm—
 Believe me, I've neither enchantment or charm.
 But if your smooth tongue to my Lady makes suit,
 You're such a sweet Devil, you'll make her eat fruit.

L O R D S A N D W I C H
 A S K E D A C E R T A I N
 S E A C A P T A I N,
 I F H E C O U L D M A K E A N
 E P I G R A M O N T H E N A V A L R E V I E W
 W H I C H H E H A D P R E S E N T E D A N D R E P R E -
 S E N T E D F O R H I S M A J E S T Y ' S
 A M U S E M E N T :

T H E S E A - W I T A N S W E R E D ,
Do tibi Naumachiam, tu das Epigrammata nobis.

M Y Lord, you gave a *fight in sham*,
 A *Spithead* fight—not worth a damn !
 And there, my Lord's my *Epigram* !

}

AN EPISTLE TO
MAJOR THOMPSON,

WRITTEN ON A
TOUR THROUGH YORKSHIRE AND
DERBYSHIRE,

JUNE 29, 1782.

MATLOCK, &c.

RETURN'D from *Guiana*, and conquer'd the
Dutch,

To see native *Humber* my passion was such,
That I whip'd on a chaise both my baggage and
trunks;

Left play-houses, poets, peers, princes, and punks,
And roll'd thro' the dust like old *Jesse* and *Jebu*,
Leaving *Emma* in *London*, dear *Major*,* to see you.
And therefore, pray place this to love and affection,
And not to the folly of trying Election:

For who'd be a Candidate, tell me, for *Hull*, *
Unless of hard dollars he had a ship full?

* Major *Thompson* of the 43d Regiment, resident in the village
of *Wilton*, in *Yorkshire*.

And

And Brib'ry's become now so fatal a trade,
 That it soon melts a Member as thin as a shade :
 Lord *Robert's* * a proof—to Constituents a slave ;
 Undone, and laid fast on his back in the grave.
 A man upon Patriot Virtue would starve ill—
 'The Virtue of *Hull* was extinguish'd with *Marvell* !
 No *Hotbams* have we to stand forth on the walls,
 And turn a deaf ear to a King, † when he calls :
 'The Virtue of *Hull* is laid low in the dust,
 Tho' its Honour's by *Masfen* protected from rust.
 Yes, sweet pleasing Bard, shall thy poesy live,
 While *Humber* her waters to Ocean shall give ;
 And Youths yet unborn shall all hallow the clay
 That covers the Poet, the Muse—not the Lay.
 No ; thy Lays shall be handed from father to son,
 And with Waggoner *Phaeton* burnish and run :
 The Bard shall be hallow'd, the Verses be read,
 Till *Chaos* returns, and bald *Time* shall be dead :
 No, nor then shall the soul of the poesy die,
 For Angels shall bear every Ode to the sky ;
 E'en sweet *Saint Cecilia* will stoop from her cloud,
 To join with her finger the melody loud ;
 And the Muses a wreath bring from *Helicon's* Font,
 Which *Milton* and *Marvell* shall bind round his front.
 But the chaise now is harness'd, and brought to the
 door—

I want an excuse, for my compliment's poor ;

* Lord *Robert Manners*, uncle to the Duke of *Bedford*.

† *Charles* the First commanded and summoned Sir *John Hotbarn* to surrender the place, which the gallant Knight refused.

So drive on to *Lincoln*, my Muse is a spinster,
And may learn some decorum by seeing the
Minster;

And indeed 'tis but right to be cautious in all,
For the Devil o'er *Lincoln* sees things great and
finall;

And, may we believe the fair Ladies of *Tork*,
They give Mr. *Devil* great plenty of work.
I would advance up, but the party below
Compel me to silence, and force me to go;
Tho' for wrangling Belles I do not care a tittle,
From the wife of the Dean to the hostess at *Spittle*—
And she has a tongue that would serve for a steeple,
If the church had no bells, to summons the people.
At *Brigg* too, poor Mrs. *O'Fagan* was civil,
But she look'd, gentle creature, as black as a
devil.

The Doctor with appetite enter'd the house,
But at sight of the Widow, sheer'd off like a mouse.
We drove without Madam *Lor*'s passion for turning,
She look'd like an Heretick—fitted for burning.
When we came to the house on the side of the
Humber,

The boats came from *Hull*, and deliver'd their
lumber:

Sheep, fillies, and women; hogs, asses, and men,
From hill, bog, and wold; from the marsh, and
the fen.

My friend, Mrs. *Nicholson* (Heaven protect her,
For Surgeon or Poet shall never dissect her)

She said I look'd well—was grown hearty, and
fuller,

But alas ! that I'd lost all my hair,* and my colour.
The remark was but crude, tho' the saying was
just,

For the sun of *Guiana* had tarnish'd the dust.
Such plain downright compliments never can daz-
zle,

So we enter'd the Boat, and push'd over to *Hazzle*.
Cross'd *Ferriby* Banks, and the Village so fair,
Where my youth softly canter'd, nor knew it a
care :

For I sigh when I think of the growth of my sins,
Since I quitted Nurse *Dickson*, and *Ferriby* Wins.
The child is ungrateful that draws not his purse,
To smooth the last hours of a kind, tender Nurse :
For those paps which thou spar'd'st me, to lull me
to rest,

May'st thou find a soft pillow on *Abraham's* breast.
Let us pass old *Tom B*****y*, and grinning Sir
Harry,

Surpriz'd how one lives, and how t'other should
marry !

Hence Boy, drive along, for I hate all reflections,
Unless on *Attornies*, and knaves at elections.

Here's *Welton* before us, *Ouze*, *Humber*, and *Trent*,
And *Williamson's* Villa—the Man of Content ;

* My hair fell off on my arrival at *Portsmouth*, though in per-
fect health ; which I attributed to relaxation, by the violent per-
spiration in *Guiana* ; for I had no disease in that country.

A gay new creation sprung out of the earth,
Which Nature, and Fancy, and Fortune gave birth.
I have rang'd all the world, and I once but beheld
Its equal—in *England* 'tis unparallel'd :

Cyntra may be superior, and *Matlock* may vie,
With her rocks and cap't mountains, which knock
the low sky ;

But range *England* through, and examine it well,
There's no other place can its beauties excell !
Three rivers spread out their white generous arms,
And *Lincolnshire* shews all her bosom of charms.
Nor is foul Lady *Anderson's* Hole here unkind,
It attracts every storm of rain, thunder, and wind.
The Minsters of *Lincoln* and *Tork* stand confest,
Hull and *Beverley* East, and low *Howden* full West ;
Hill and vale, corn and pasture, dress'd hedges and
wood,

And fleets of small vessels, which glide on the flood.
These beauties invite all the Maids of the Shire,
And they too are Beauties all eyes may admire ;
For *Hull*, if thy County denies thee great sense,
To feminine virtue few have thy pretence.

It is here the chaste Virgins of smooth *Welton* Dale,
Meet their Swains, to attend to the Lovers' soft
tale ;

And Wisdom more sober, here finds a retreat,
Which the Muses have chose for their Classical seat ;
While the *Fays* and the *Fairies*, in bright moon-light
eves,

Repeat their fly jests, when trick'd out in gay
leaves :

And while in high glee they enjoy the above,
 They gratefully hallow the Sire of the Grove.
 In the midst of these sweets a Retreat is prepar'd,
 For the brave, honest Major, who's happily pair'd;
 A box of delights—'tis a show-glass of joys,
 Where the sense of a Mother gives charms to her
 Boys,

The genuine pledges and blessings of life,
 For few have such children, and less such a wife!
 But *Jacoba* bring out, lest I sing file and rank,
 For I can't go to *Driffeld*, nor call at *Hull-Bank*:
Hull-Bank! I revere all that's under thy roof;
 Yet if those kind *Lares* who govern thy woof,
 Would weave but my story, or lift up my pray'r,
 They would pity the Poet, but make her their
 care;

For sure such a Nymph, since fair *Eve*, ne'er was
 found,

Where she smiles, it is Heaven and *Eden* around!
 Ye Muses, no more! for such Graces are magick,
 And what she made comick shall not be made tra-
 gick.

See *Beverley* Minster, the chiscl's first pride,
 Where the *Percys* have liv'd, and the *Whartons* have
 dy'd!

Yet I fear that the *first* may be left in the lurch,
 If they bring any more of the *latter* to church.
 Farewell, ye chaste scenes of my juvenile days,
 Your beauties and pastimes deserve greater praise;
 Thy muffins, thy ginge-bread, and lozenges sweet,
 Which I always prefer'd to my books and my meat;
 Thy

Thy *West-wood*, thy *Beck*, and clear *England Springs*,
 Where boys wash their a—, and linnets their wings ;
 Where naked I've ran thro' thy meads, and thought
 no ill,

Kindly dry'd by Miss *Aura*,* for want of a towel ;
 Where, in spite of the water, my heart, quick as
 tinder,

By fair *Sally Ingram* was burnt to a cinder.

Sweet *Sally*, adieu ! and if clasp'd in Deaths arms,
 Thrice hallow'd the sod be, which covers thy
 charms.

But the scene how it brightens ! fair *Emma* ap-
 pears !

Who, like *Hebe*, renews all her charms with her
 years ;

But not like the vot'ries of *Warren* and *Bailey*,

Whose lillies and roses bloom nightly and daily.

Hence, away my dear Nymph, to the mountains
 let's fly,

The mountains of *Derby*, that rise to the sky !

At *Matlock* we'll stop, and with *Loveit* † regale,

Twelve penn'orth ‡ of meat, and three penn'orth
 of ale,

Which for cleanness and quiet, may rival the globe.

Here *Fashion* can't shew her fantastical robe.

* Air.

† The jolly Master of the Inn.

‡ The price of the Ordinary.

Like the Ark, here the clean and the unclean re-
pair,

The water to try, or imbibe the pure air :

The old and the young, the green maiden, and
lover,

The parson, the blacksmith, the tanner, and glover;

The captain, the banker ; all things of all kinds,

Some made without persons, and some without
minds ;

And the host and the hostess so free live from pests,

They're a pattern of conjugal love to their guests.

Ah, *Matlock* ! for ever shalt thou by my theme,

Where my nights I have pass'd in the solace of
dream,

And my days with my rod on the banks of thy
stream.

Ye Muses ! on *Matlock* I court ye to stay,

It cannot be irksome on *Derwent* to stray ;

For her meadows and mountains so famous are
grown,

You need not be ashamed to call them your own.

Tho' the Sisters on *Pindus* and *Helicon* sing,

Where *Pegasus* sails with the Belles on the wing ;

Yet the Maidens of *Matlock* can sing o'er the loom,

And all her Old Women can ride on the broom.

What picture of Nature can vie with this scene ?

What waters, like these, controvert ev'ry spleen ?

Adieu ! ye chaste scenes—I must hence to the wars,

And bless'd be the fingers which polish thy spars.

But post-boy avaunt !—Let us stop here the chaise,

For *Chatfworth* deserves both our wonder and praise ;

Where

Where bright burnish'd windows so brilliantly rush
 On the orbs of the eye, that the sun he may blush !
 And waters, so nicely contrived to please,
 That they piss in your visage from lyons and trees,
 Thrice luckless the Duke who spent money and
 care,

To make all this nonsense, when *Derwent* was
 there !

There is room in the house, and the cieling is
 high ;

The furniture's old, and of *Tudor's* supply.

In short, altogether it look'd like a place

That never diverted the Duke or her Grace ;

And indeed it would not be a damnable sin,

If the stag's horns without were all hung up within.

There's nought in the house, faith, that merits a
 mention—

There's nought that deserves e'en a common atten-
 tion,

But the woe-begone suit of sad, smooth regal
 rooms,

Where the fair *Queen of Scots* * first erected her
 looms.

Thrice

* The furniture of the apartments, worked by *Mary Queen of Scots*, are still shewn, with a respect becoming her memory. She was removed from *Bolton Castle* to *Chatworth*, under the care of the Countess of *Sherburn*, and she remained here upwards of seventeen years, when she was conveyed to *Tutbury*, and from thence to *Fotheringay* ; where, we are assured, she was beheaded. But as every proceeding of *Elizabeth*, relative to this unfortunate

Princess,

Thrice hallow'd the bed be thy fair fingers wove,
 And sacred the turf too thou press'd'st in the grove !
 And Oh, beauteous Princess ! thy Poet believe,
 Who thy woes and misfortunes for ever will grieve ;

Who

Princess, was private, dark, ambiguous, revengeful, and cruel, we can believe any sinister methods used by her to blind the publick, who were partial to the misfortunes of her royal prisoner : for when the *British Queen* could propose to her Secretary *Davison* to have her murdered privately, might she not also contrive to have her beheaded at *Tutbury*, and report it was at *Fotheringay*, and bury her at *Peterborough*, to elude and evade her friends, and to prevent visitors, and resentments. When the Historians of her life were so ill informed as not to know her long imprisonment was at *Chatsworth*, might they not have been equally deluded, by the report of her death at *Fotheringay*. When I visited *Tutbury*, they shewed me, in the Castle, the place of her execution ; and I read her name on various parts of a wall, composed of a white marble, that formed the room ; and what served more to strengthen this traditional opinion, there was living in the Village one *Robert Berken*, a taylor, aged 100 years, healthful, frail, fresh-coloured, and active : He said, when he was young, he knew a man of the same parish that was aged 100 years, who remembered the plague at *Tutbury Castle* ; and by him he understood, that the Queen came there from *Chatsworth*, and was therein executed. Mr. Hardy, a pupil of Sir *Joshua Reynolds's*, drew his portrait, at my request, and amazingly well, and like. The ages of these two men came within 26 years of the period of her murder, and so bloody a tale must have been recent in all memories, and strong upon all tongues. Though I give these reports, I leave the Reader to decide on the probability of the circumstance. But to return to *Chatsworth*, which was, beyond a doubt, the place of her long imprisonment ; but where she had the indulgences of walking and riding about the country, and where we hear of her

visit

Who warmly stands forth in defence of thy fame,*
And brands with detraction *Elizabeth's* name,

With

visit to *Buxton*, and read there on a pane of glass, a classick distich, adapted by her to her misfortunes.

*Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebrare nomine lymphæ,
Forte mihi posthac non adiunda vale.*

Thy Baths, bleak *Buxton*, shall thy Fame renew,
To which with grief I sigh—a long adieu !

She also called that curious incrusted Pillar in *Pool's-Hole* by her name, which is now shewn, and called the *Queen of Scots' Pillar*; and which will remain, as long as Nature lasts, a cold monument of her fame and misfortunes.—Count *Tallard*, who was here a prisoner, said, when he returned to *France*, “ he should not reckon the days he spent at *Chatsworth* in his captivity.” Happy had it been for the *Royal Stuart* to have said the same. *Colley Cibber*, on a visit to the Duke of *Devonshire*, left two remarkable memorandums behind him—“ That though he was very near breaking his neck, by the badness of the roads, in getting to *Chatsworth*, yet he was much nearer breaking his heart to leave it.”—Which was a well-turned compliment to his Grace, and perhaps better than the subsequent Verses, written in the *Bowling-green House*, to the miseries of this unfortunate Queen.

- “ When *Scotland's Queen*, her native realm expell'd,
- “ In ancient *Chatsworth* was a Captive held,
- “ Had then the Pile to such new charms arriv'd,
- “ Happier the *Captive*, than the *Queen*, had liv'd.
- “ What tears in pity of her fate could rise,
- “ That found the Fugitive in *Paradise* !”

* Since I wrote this Epistle, I have been pleased to satisfaction, on Dr. *Stuart* becoming the able champion of her cause; who has clearly, nobly, and generously rescued her fame from that disho-

With those pale, later cowards, assassins in ink,
 Who could not look on her than the sun, and not
 wink,

Buchanan and *Robertson*, Furies obscene,
 More sharp than the axe e'en, which butcher'd their
 Queen !

Whom fingers unborn in black colours shall paint,
 Who mangl'd an Angel, and murder'd a Saint !
 Away from these scenes, where Queen *Mary* was
 stay'd,
 Unhallow'd the roof is, and noxious the shade !

nour that prior Historians had cruelly and carelessly used against
 her character. The dead are never so forgotten by the living, but
 some virtuous man devotes himself to redeem their injured reputa-
 tions ; and even at so long a period, the good must applaud Dr.
Stuart, and triumph with him, over the unnatural enemies of the
 illustrious *Queen of Scots*.

THE DUTCH WAR.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1782.

IN days of yore, when *Charles* was King,
 And dignify'd his whores,
 Did foggy *Van Trump* dare to bring
 In *Thames* his *Belgick* Boors ;
 But then we had a Duke of *Tork*,
 Who cut the *Dutchmen* up like pork !

Old *Thames* in dudgeon fled his shore ;
 Pray'd Breeches might not save
 The Caitiffs, who durst pass the *Nore*,
 From an untimely grave.

The God was heard, we saw his rump,
 The latter end of poor *Van Trump* !

'Tho' *Frenchmen* swagger, dance, and swear,
 Their lillies we will blast ;
 If *Spain* brings her Armada here,
 Her Flota we'll dismast ;
 For what can bear the double blow,
 Of *Rodney* gaunt, and gallant *Howe* !

Altho' four foes our Isle surround,
 And fling their thunders wide,
 This to our glory shall resound,
 And stimulate our pride :

'Twill make our honour more compleat,
For we shall have the more to beat.

Then lay aside domestic jars,
And every heart deny
The force of four tremendous wars,
And bravely fight or die !
Nor can the world in arms, subdue,
If *England* to herself is true.

H O R N E D T R U T H S,

A S O N G.

METHODIZED FOR MARINERS, 1783.

A SAILOR's a Cuckold, a Cuckold must be,
As will every poor fellow that follows the *Sea* ;
For while he ploughs the ocean for riches and fame,
Some tawdry young coxcomb will tickle his Dame.
Be assur'd, brother Tars, if you sail when you're
wed,
You provide for your friends both a wife and a bed.

The Ancients themselves have oft prov'd it before,
And Heroes and Bards have been dup'd by a Whore ;
Yet *valour* and *sense*, tho' in both they have led,
Were never sufficient to save a man's head :

It

It was *Juvenal's** joke on each conjugal *Nan*,
One eye would content her as soon as *one man*.

There was fair Mrs. *Helen*,† she ran off to *Troy*,
And *Paris* he tickl'd her *je ne scai quoi* !
There was *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, men not to be scorned,
And *Malboro'* and *Milton* were both of them horned :
Dan Dryden was lucky, but not in the scold,
For poor Mrs. *Dryden*‡ was ugly and old.

Old *Homer* made ballads, and those he would sing,
But to sell them—was led by a dog in a string ;
His wife she made matches, and sold them in *Greece*,
And a *brimstone* she was, tho' a classical *Piece*.
But *Homer* was blind, and could not see his way—
She made him a reck'ning no Poet could pay.

Old *Jason*, that wonderful Captain of *Greece*,
Went out, like our *Anson*—and brought home a
Fleece ;
But alas ! while they fought with men, monkeys,
and care,
Their Ladies were hit by their friends to a hair.

* *Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit? ocyus illud
Extorquabis, ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.*

† The wife of Mr. *Manchus* ; but he was as ill used as Lord
Clarendon or Lord *Carmarthen*.

‡ *Dryden's* intended Epitaph for his Wife :
Here lies my Wife : here let her lie,
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

When

When you wed, leave the seas, but have plenty of
riches,
Which alone can maintain the sob-fame of the
Breeches.

Dan Adam, if we may the story believe,
Was cursedly us'd by the *Devil* and *Eve*.
He cuckold too *Orpheus*, that wonderful Scrapper,
And *Churchill* was beat by the yard of a Draper.
Then Sailors live single, and follow the sport,
And embrace a new Mistress in every port.

ON CAPTAIN FIELDING.

A MAN so haughty, that he seem'd to be
Earth's proudest Giant, or the God of Sea:
Stiff in conceit, but never in the right;
That *Vice* and *Virtue* took, like Day and Night,
With him their stations, and like *pimps* did stand
With *punk* or *pray'r-book* to present his hand.
Before his ship could cross a league of main,
He'd pray and swear—then pray and swear again:
First, all for chastity and wife, then *punk*,
Now a great *Martinet*, and now a *Monk*!
A life of arrogance, sin, whim, and pride,
Which, when they fail'd to prop him, *Fielding* dy'd.

SONG,

S O N G,
O N T H E P E A C E, 1783.

WHEN great guns are laid up, and round
 shot's pil'd in heaps,
 Mayn't a Sailor come-to in the Harbour of Bliss?
 Tho' his hammock's lash'd up, yet as snugly he
 sleeps
 In lavender sheets, in the arms of his Miss.
 When the War is no more,
 Oh, how pleasant the shore,
 To dash away prize-money head over heels!
 To never stand still,
 On valley or hill,
 But laugh at old Ocean, and sail upon wheels.
 O happy, thrice happy the Tar,
 To leave the loud tempest of War!
 Yet to steer such a course,
 Not to empty his purse;
 That when called again
 To serve on the Main,
 He may chearful resign the indulgence of land;
 And still with a sigh,
 Bid his *Beauty* good-b'ye,
 Tho' the half-stiff'd tear on her cheek takes its stand;
 Afraid to subdue
 His swol'n heart with—*Adieu!*
 She looks all her sorrows, and waves her white hand.

AN IMPROMPTU
ON PRAYER.

PRAYER is the *manna* of the Soul,
It cheers us o'er the pathless sea ;
It warms us at the frozen pole,
It makes us with ourselves agree :
It makes the soul and body kind,
It charms the heart, it lifts the mind !

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